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PDC

FEB., 1949
NO. 11

CRIME

AND

PUNISHMENT

10¢

**CRIME
DOES NOT
PAY**

ILLUSTORIES

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER · CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

**TRUE
CRIMINAL CASE
HISTORIES!**

YIPPEE!
I WAITED SEVEN
YEARS FOR THIS
MINUTE! WE'RE
ON EASY
STREET!

I WAITED
SEVEN YEARS
FOR THIS MOMENT,
TOO! THEY DON'T
KNOW THAT THEY
WERE PURPOSELY
ALLOWED TO BREAK
OUT SO THEY WOULD
LEAD US TO THAT
MONEY!

**A
FULL-SIZE
52 page
MAG!**

**GIMME
SOME!** LEMME
RUN IT THROUGH
MY FINGERS! I
WANNA MAKE
SURE I'M NOT
DREAMIN'!

**IT'S HERE!
IT'S STILL
HERE! WHAT DID
I TELL YA? HOT
DIGGETY!**

**CHARLES
BIRO**

LEV GLEASON
PUBLISHER
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**DEDICATED TO THE
ERADICATION OF CRIME!**





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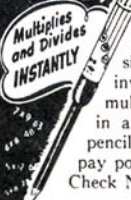
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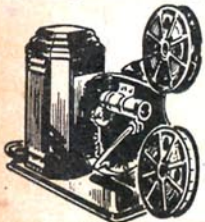
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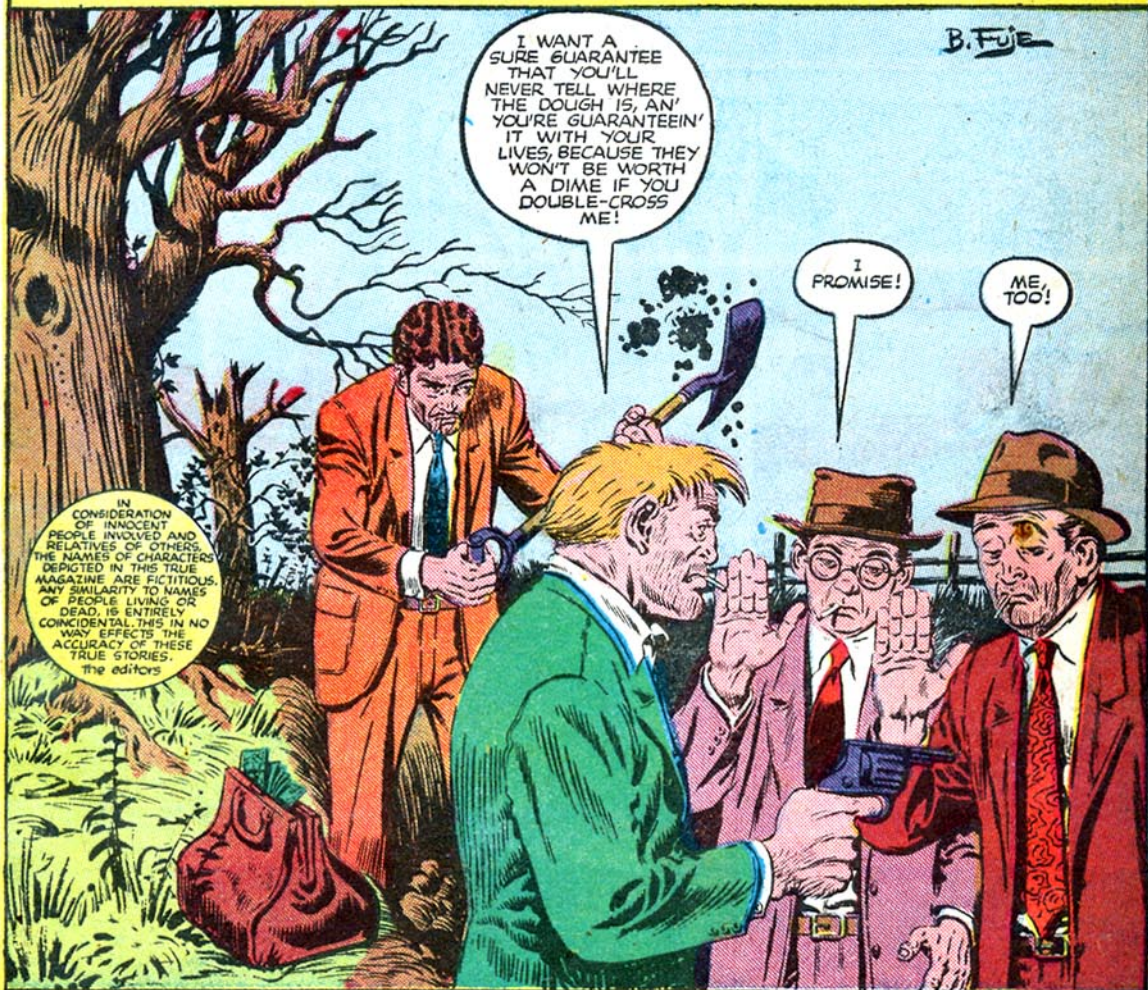
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DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

MAC HUNGER AND HIS BROTHER, GIL-



AS DETESTABLE A PAIR OF GEEKS
AS EVER CROSSED SWORDS
WITH THE LAW!



THE VILLAINY OF SATAN HIMSELF FLOWED THROUGH THE VEINS OF THE HUNGER BROTHERS WITH THE RESULT THAT INNOCENT PEOPLE DIED ON THE STREETS OF THE CHEROKEE STRIP CITIES WHICH THEY DESCENDED UPON WITH MERCILESS FURY! THE LAW HAS FOUGHT MANY ROBBERS AND THEIR NAMES DOT PRISON CEMETERIES ALL OVER THE COUNTRY, BUT THE HUNGER BROTHERS WERE MORE THAN DESPERATE STICK-UP MEN! THEY WERE FANATICAL FOLLOWERS OF A TIME-TABLE OF HORROR, WHICH CULMINATED IN THE WILDEST GANGSTER CHASE IN MID-WESTERN CRIMINAL HISTORY!

OBEY THE LAW

THE HUNGER BROTHERS, GIL AND MAC, WEREN'T LONG OUT OF A KANSAS PRISON—TWO WEEKS, IN FACT, WHEN THEY STRETCHED OUT THE FINGERS THAT HAD BEEN SO BADLY BURNED TWICE BEFORE, FOR ANOTHER SCORCHING IN THE FIRES OF THE LAW! THE DATE WAS SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1931! IT WAS IN CENTRAL KANSAS! THE HOUR WAS THE DEATHKNELL FOR SOME FOOLISH HEIST-MEN!



I'M SURE I HIT ANOTHER ONE OF THEM!

CALL THE STATE POLICE—IT'S A TUDOR SEDAN. THE REAR WINDOW IS SMASHED WITH THREE OR FOUR MEN INSIDE!

HAS THIS ONE ANY IDENTIFICATION? YES—HIS NAME, JAMES KELLY, AND HIS ADDRESS! A PICTURE OF HIS GIRL FRIEND, I GUESS, AND ONE OF TWO OLDER FOLKS—PROBABLY HIS PARENTS! FUNNY THEY'LL KILL SOMEBODY ELSE'S MOTHER OR FATHER WITHOUT BATTING AN EYELASH! BUT WITH THEIR OWN KIN, IT'S ALL HEARTS AND FLOWERS!



DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT—THIS ONE DIDN'T GIVE TWO CENTS FOR HIS PARENTS! HE USED SNAPSHOTS LIKE THOSE TO PULL THE WOOL OVER SUCKERS' EYES! WHO'D SUSPECT A GUY CARRYING HIS MA'S PICTURE BEING A ROBBER? BUT IT TURNED OUT HE WAS THE SUCKER!

WHAT'LL WE DO WITH NICK? HE'S SHOT UP BAD, AND HIS EYES ARE GLAZED! SHALL I CHUCK HIM HIM OUT?

NAW, IT WOULDN'T DO, ANY GOOD NOW! LEAVE HIM IN TILL WE GET TO THE BRIDGE!

ALL YOU GOT WAS A SCRATCH! YOU'LL LIVE!

YEAH? AN' MAYBE NEXT TIME I WON'T LIVE! THREE TRIES, THREE DUDS—PLUS TWO STIFFS THIS TIME! LET'S LEAVE BANK ROBBERY TO THE MUGS WHO KNOW SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT, AN' GO BACK TO BOOTLEGGIN'!

GIL'S GOT SOMETHIN', MAC! IT COULD BE US TAKIN' OUR LAST BREATH, INSTEAD OF NICK!

IT'S JUST THE BREAKS! NICK'S GOT A LONG NECK, AN' HE STUCK IT OUT TOO FAR! THERE'S NOTHIN' ABOUT BANK JOBS YOU NEED TO KNOW THAT LUCK CAN'T TAKE CARE OF! KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR THAT TURN-OFF TO THE BRIDGE!



SOMETHIN'S WRONG THE WAY WE DO THINGS! MAYBE IT'S THE TIME, OR THE TOWN, OR THE KIND OF BANK, OR TOO MANY DUMB HOTHEADS LIKE NICK; AN' JIMMIE! BUT SOMETHIN'S WRONG! THAT'S DEEFINITE! HERE'S THE TURN-OFF!



WHAT ARE YOU WORRYIN' ABOUT THAT FLEA-BRAIN FOR? WHAT ABOUT ME, AIN'T I HIT?



AND WHILE YOU'RE TURNING, WHY NOT TURN OVER A NEW LEAF? YOU SAW WHAT ROBBERY NETS YOU—A CLOSE SHAVE WITH DEATH! OF COURSE SOMETHING'S WRONG—NO TECHNIQUE, KNOWLEDGE, OR LUCK CAN SAVE YOU FROM THE DISASTER THAT AWAITS ALL GUNMEN! DETOUR FROM CRIME WHILE YOU'RE STILL GOT THE CHANCE!

WHEN WE GET TO THE BRIDGE, YOU AN' BILL HEAD DOWN THE SLOPE TO SQUINTY'S BOAT! I'LL BE RIGHT ALONG!

THERE SHE GOES! SO LONG, NICK! TOO BAD YOU WASN'T A CAT WITH NINE LIVES!

FORGET NICK—NOBODY'LL MISS HIM! HE WAS A DIMWIT WITH THREE STRIKES AGAINST HIM! QUIET—I HEAR SQUINTY CALLING!

WHERE'S JIMMIE? WHERE'S NICK? WHERE'S MAC? JIMMIE'S CROAKED, AN' NICK'S CROAKIN' NOW IN THE RIVER! HE CAUGHT TWO BULL BULLETS! MAC'S COMIN' AROUND THE MOUNTAIN! ANYTHIN' MORE YOU WANT TO KNOW, AN' DON'T TALK ABOUT DOUGH! THERE AIN'T NO DOUGH—LIKE THE LAST TWO JOBS WE TRIED TO PULL!

WATCH YOUR TONGUE! MAC'S COMIN'—HE'LL HEAR YOU!



OBEY THE LAW

THIS IS COZY-LIKE BUGS IN A RUG!

IT WAS ALL SQUINTY'S IDEA! HE'S THE ONLY ONE HERE THAT'S GOT ANY SENSE! WHERE'D WE BE IF SQUINTY DIDN'T DO ALL THE ARRANGIN' AROUND THE RANGIN' THINGS? HE THOUGHT OF THIS GETAWAY- DIDN'T YOU, SQUINTY?

IF YOU'D ONLY LISTEN TO ME, MAC, I COULD RING IN A GUY WHO KNOWS BANK ROBBERY BACKWARDS! NUTSY MARLOWE MIGHT BE A SCREWBALL, BUT...

FOR THE LAST TIME, SHUT UP! I DON'T NEED ANY NUTSY MARLOWES TO TEACH ME MY BUSINESS! OPEN YOUR MOUTH ABOUT THAT LOONEY AGAIN, AN' I'LL FEED YOU TO THE FROGS!

DON'T GET EXCITED, MAC! SQUINTY WAS ONLY SUGGESTIN' IF WE KEEP DOIN' THINGS YOUR WAY, WE'LL EITHER LAND IN THE POORHOUSE OR THE MORGUE!

NOW THAT WE'VE REACHED THIS BURG, WHERE DO WE GO?

GIL AN' ME GOT AN UNCLE HERE! THE OLD COOT KNOWS WE DID TIME FOR BOOTLEGGIN' AN' HE HATES US WORSE THAN A BELLACHE! WELL, THE OLD HOUND'S GOIN' TO GET A VISIT TONIGHT WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT!

DON'T STARE SO HARD, UNCLE! YOUR EYES MIGHT FALL OUT! MAC, HERE'S HOLDIN' HIS FOOT AGAINST THE DOOR BECAUSE YOU'RE SO GLAD TO SEE YOUR FAVORITE NEPHEWS!

MEET SOME FRIENDS OF OURS! THEY ALSO KNOW THE DEVIL BY HIS FIRST NAME! WE CAME TO FEED UP AN' SLEEP! GO GET A DOCTOR TO FIX MY SHOULDER! I GOT A MOSQUITO BITE!

NIX! WE AIN'T CHANCIN' NO DOCTORS, GIL! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT OUT MYSELF!

SHUT UP AN' STOP WHININ'! IT'S ALL OVER! IF I DIDN'T TAKE IT OUT YOU'DVE GOT GANGRENE!

I DON'T HAVE TO ASK WHERE GIL GOT THAT MOSQUITO BITE! HE'S DOUBTLESSLY HAD THEM BEFORE AN' DOUBTLESSLY BOTH OF YOU'LL GET MOSQUITO BITES IN YOUR HEARTS LIKE YOUR ANCESTORS, DID, THE "BLACK" HUNGERS!

THAT'S RIGHT-THE "BLACK" HUNGERS! I HEARD ABOUT 'EM AS A KID! THEY WERE OUTLAWS! THEY WORKED THE CHEROKEE STRIP! THEY WERE BIG SHOTS LIKE THE JAMES BOYS AN' THE DALTONS!

I WOULDN'T SAY SO- THEY WOUND UP JUST AS DEAD, AN' THEIR MONEY- NOBODY GOT IT! IT'S STILL BURIED IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP! THE LITTLE MONEY YOU GET WITH A GUN NEVER DOES GOOD-IT'S DEATH MONEY THAT YOU'LL PAY FOR WITH YOUR LIFE!

HAVE YOU GOT ANY BOOK OR NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS ON THE "BLACK" HUNGERS? WHERE'D THEY PULL THEIR JOBS? WHEN? HOW MUCH DID THEY GET?

THERE'S A VALISE-FULL IN THE CLOSET! FULL-SIZED PICTURES OF THE WAY THEY LOOKED WHEN THEY WERE SHOT TO DEATH IN TULSA IN '66! THEY'D INTEREST YOU, THOSE PICTURES-FRESH SHADOWINGS OF YOUR COMING EVENTS!

MAC! WHAT'S GOIN' ON IN THAT CRAZY MIND OF YOURS NOW!

A BRAINSTORM! THE BRAINSTORM OF MY LIFE! DON'T YOU BELIEVE IN FATE? I KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE WAY WE OPERATE NOW! WE AIN'T WORKIN' THE RIGHT TERRITORY! THE CHEROKEE STRIP WAS A SET-UP FOR OUR ANCESTORS! WHY NOT FOR US?

H...HE'S MAD!

YOU'RE TELLIN' US! BUT JUST TRY AND CONVINCE HIM!

BUT WHAT MAC HUNGER FOUND IN HIS UNCLE'S VALISE FIRED EVEN GIL'S IMAGINATION, BECAUSE GANGSTERS, BELIEVING IN NOTHING ARE SUPERSTITIOUS ABOUT EVERY-THING!

MAC'S RIGHT-IT'S GOT TO WORK FOR US! THE BLOOD OF THE BLACK HUNGERS FLOWS THROUGH OUR VEINS!

SO YOU GOT THE BUG, TOO! BUT BANK ROBBERY ISN'T THE SAME NOW AS THEN! TODAY THE LAW'S GOT MORE TO FIGHT WITH-RADIO, TELEPHONE, CARS, SCIENCE!

OBEY THE LAW

GIVE ME LUCK AN' THE BREAKS, AN' ALL THE COP SCIENCE IN THE WORLD AIN'T BEATIN' ME! FOLLOWIN' THIS BLACK HUNGER TIME-TABLE IS LIKE SHOOTIN' CRAPS WITH LOADED DICE! WE CAN'T LOSE! WE'LL START OUT WITH THE WOODLANDS BANK!

WE'LL FINISH THERE TOO SINCE YOUR UNCLE'S HEARD EVERY WORD YOU SAID!

HE'LL FIND IT TOUGH REPEATIN' 'EM WITH A STIFF TONGUE!

NO!
NO!

DON'T! FIRE AT HIM AND NOTHING ON EARTH CAN SAVE YOU! YOU WON'T ONLY KILL HIM WITH THOSE BULLETS, BUT ALSO YOURSELVES!

THIS SCHEDULE'S GOT TO BE A SECRET BETWEEN US AND THE BLACK HUNGRERS! WE'RE SURE THEY WON'T TALK, UNCLE!

YOU FOOLS! YOU'RE THROUGH! YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT SECURITY! NOW, YOU'LL SEE THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW IN ACTION!

WRECK THE PLACE! MAKE IT LOOK LIKE A ROBBERY!

IT IS A ROBBERY! I AIN'T LEAVING WITHOUT UNC'S VALISE!

WE NEED A CAR - EVEN THE BLACK HUNGRERS USED HORSE-POWER!

NUTSY MARLOWE'S GOT A CAR! IF YOU WEREN'T SO DOWN ON NUTSY, MAC, WE WOULDN'T RUN THE RISK OF DRIVING AROUND IN A STOLEN BUS - BESIDES, NUTSY'S A BANK SPECIALIST... A GOOD MAN TO HAVE AROUND - BUT OF COURSE, ANYTHING YOU SAY, MAC!

THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN MAC'S FOOL NOTION! TAKE US TO NUTSY!

NUTSY WOULDN'T TAKE ANY PRIZES IN A BEAUTY CONTEST!

THE TOP OF HIS HEAD WAS SHOT OFF IN CHICAGO! HE WAS ONE OF JOE TERRA'S BOYS! SOME SAY PART OF HIS BRAINS WERE SHOT OFF, TOO! HE WEARS A SILVER PLATE UNDER HIS TOUPEE!

THEY SHOULD'VE MADE IT WOOD TO MATCH THE REST OF HIS NOB!

SURE! I'LL COME WITH YOU, HUNGER... AT MY TERMS! NO MATTER HOW MANY GOONS JOIN THIS MOB... MY CUT IS A QUARTER!

WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT DOUGH IF WE FOLLOW THIS TIME-TABLE! THERE'LL BE ENOUGH FOR EVERYBODY!

TIME-TABLE? FOR CAT'S SAKE! ARE YOU RUNNIN' A MOB, OR A RAILROAD LINE? HEY! TAKE IT EASY!

DON'T HIT HIM, MAC! HE'S GOT THAT PLATE IN HIS HEAD!

GET THIS, NUTSY! I'LL DECIDE WHAT THIS MOB DOES! IF I SAY TAKE A ROCKET TO THE MOON YOU GO! GET ME?

THE WHOLE MOB TOOK THAT ROCKET TO THE MOON, AT THE END OF SEPTEMBER, 1937, IN WOODLANDS, OKLAHOMA - THEY FOUND THE MOON WAS MADE OF GREEN CHEESE!

G-GET GOIN'! ...FAST! SOMETHIN' WENT WRONG! ...

THESE COPS ARE CRAZY! INSTEAD OF RAISIN' THEIR MITTS, THEY GO FOR THEIR GUNS!

OBEY THE LAW

YOU SEE, IT AIN'T THE **TIME-TABLE** — IT'S THE **TIMES!** THE **BLACK HUNGER'S** WALKED OUT OF THE **WOLANDE BANK** WITH **\$3,000!** WE RAN OUT WITH **BULLETS** SINGIN' PAST OUR EARS!

WE DIDN'T LOSE ANYBODY, DID WE?

THAT'S BECAUSE WE WERE **RUNNIN' SO FAST**. THE **BULLETS** COULDN'T CATCH UP TO US! THE **TROUBLE IS**, YOU DON'T LISTEN TO **ME, MAC!** **BANK COPS** HAVE **GUTS!** **POKIN' A GUN** AT 'EM IS AN **INVITATION** TO THE **UNDERTAKER!**

YOU GOTTA **SLUG** A **BANK COP!** THAT'S THE **ONLY** WAY TO **MAKE SURE** THEY DON'T **SHOOT** BACK!

AN' **WHAT** IF THEY DON'T **STAY SLUGGED?**

CHUMP! — **WHAT** DO YOU THINK **THIS** IS FOR?

YOU TOOK THE **WORDS** RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH! **ANOTHER** THING, WE NEED **THREE** MORE **GUY'S** AND **ANOTHER** CAR FOR **EXTRA** ROOM IN CASE WE **TAKE** **HOSTAGES!**

UNDER **NUTS** **MARLOWE'S** **MAD** **TUTELAGE** THE **HUNGER** **MOB** **STRUCK** **PAY** **DIRT** AT **BELLEVER**, **OKLAHOMA** — THE **MAIN** **CHARACTERISTICS** OF THE **GANG** WERE **APPARENT** FROM THE **START!** THEIR **FEROACITY** WAS **UNBELIEVABLE!** A **MADNESS** THAT **EXCEEDED** ALL **DESPERATION** LAY IN THEIR **METHODS!**

HE **WON'T** **OPEN** THE **CAGE**, **MAC!**

OH — HE **WON'T**, **EH?**

THE **BLACK HUNGER'S** WERE **KINDNESS** ITSELF COMPARED TO THE **RUTHLESS** **GREED** WITH WHICH THE **TWENTIETH** **CENTURY** **HUNGER'S** **RIPPED** THROUGH THEIR **HOLDUP** **SCHEDULE!** FOR **THREE** **MONTHS** THE **CHEROKEE** **STRIP** **BANKS** **SUFFERED** THE **SCOURGE** OF THE **HUNGER'S!**

SAMPSON, OKLAHOMA...

PICK UP THE **DOUGH** AN' TAKE THE **OTHER** **GUARD** AS **HOSTAGE!**

LISTER, OKLAHOMA...

TAKE YOUR **HOOF** OFF THE **ALARM!**

JANEVILLE, OKLAHOMA...

STEP ON IT!

I **JUST** **COUNTED** — WE **MADE** **ELEVEN** **GRAND** AT **DAWESTOWN!**

JOE **WON'T** **GET** **HIS** **CUT!** HE'S **KICKED** **THE** **BUCKET!** WE'D **LIGHTEN** **THE** **CAR** IF WE **TOSSED** **HIM** **OUT!**

FOR THE **COPS** TO **FIND?** THEY'D **ONLY** **USE** **JOE** AS A **COMPASS** TO **FOLLOW** **US!** **SAVE** **HIM** **TILL** **LATER** **WHEN** **WE** **BURY** **OUR** **GUEST!**

ARE YOU GOING TO **KILL** **ME...?** **?** **GASP?**

YOU **DON'T** **THINK** WE'D **FREE** **YOU** TO **TELL** **THE** **BULLS** **ABOUT** **US?** YOU'VE **BEEN** **LOOKING** **AT** **ME** **LONG** **ENOUGH** TO **COUNT** **THE** **HAIRS** **ON** **MY** **CHIN!**

YOU'LL **WISH** YOU WERE **WITH** **THEM**, **HUNGER'S** — THE **FBI** **DONESN'T** **NEED** **CORPSES** TO **FOLLOW** **YOUR** **TRAIL...** **ONLY** **BRAINS!** YOU'D **HAVE** **TO** **DESTROY** **THE** **BRAIN** OF **EVERY** **COP** IN **AMERICA** TO **ESCAPE** **YOUR** **FATE** **NOW!**

OBEY THE LAW

THERE WERE ABOUT SEVEN OF 'EM, OR MAYBE EIGHT- I HIT ONE... YOU CAN STILL SEE HIS BLOOD ON THE CURBSTONE, WHERE THEIR SECOND CAR IS PARKED!

I HOPE YOU FEDERAL AGENTS CAN GET A LINE ON THESE KILLERS! WE'RE THE SEVENTH BANK IN THE CHEROKEE STRIP THEY'VE GONE AFTER IN THE LAST THREE MONTHS!

ISN'T THIS OLD DESPERADO TERRITORY?

YEP! THE BLACK HUNGERS USED TO GIVE THIS TERRITORY QUITE A GOING-OVER BEFORE THEY WOUND UP ON THE GILLOWS IN TULSA! BUT THEY WERE GENTLEMEN, COMPARED WITH THIS MOB!

SAM, DROP ME OFF AT THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE BEFORE WE LEAVE TOWN! I'D LIKE A LOOK AT THE NEWSPAPER FILES!

SAM, WHAT DOES THIS REMIND YOU OF? WOODLANDS, LOBER, BELLEVER, SAMPSON, JANEVILLE, DAWESTOWN?

WHY- THE SAME BANKS THIS MOB HAS TRIED TO KNOCK OVER- IN ORDER OF TIME, TOO!

IN FACT, THE SAME DATES! SOME NUT IN THAT MOB IS TAKING A LEAF OUT OF THE BLACK HUNGERS' RECORD BOOK! HIS NEXT LOGICAL STEP WOULD BE GILDER, IN TEXAS COUNTY! AND THE TIME FOR ATTACK IS NOW... TODAY- JANUARY 6th, 1932... AT 11 A. M. SHARP! -THE BLACK HUNGERS STUCK UP THE GILDER BANK AT THAT IDENTICAL TIME IN 1885!

AREN'T YOU CARRYING COINCIDENCE A BIT FAR, KEN?

NOT ANY FURTHER THAN THIS KILL-CRAZY GANG! THEY'VE PULLED SEVEN JOBS!... PLACE-FOR-PLACE, DATE-FOR-DATE, AND HOUR-FOR-HOUR, ACCORDING TO THIS RECORD! WHY NOT THE EIGHTH?

WELL, IF THEY'RE GOING TO HIT THE GILDER BANK AT ALL, THEY'RE DUE IN TEN MINUTES! SUPPOSE YOU TEST YOUR HUNCH?

GILDER BANK? THIS IS FEDERAL AGENT KEN YATES OF THE OKLAHOMA OFFICE- I'VE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT A MOB OF BANK ROBBERS MAY DROP IN ON YOU AT ELEVEN SHARP! TAKE EVERY PRECAUTION! THEY'RE KILLERS!

GILDER BANK

THE F. B. I. MUST'VE ADDED A CRYSTAL BALL TO IT'S EQUIPMENT! THEY'RE EVEN CALLING THE TIME OF THE STICK-UP! SIMMONS, DO YOU THINK THAT TIP IS ON THE LEVEL?

WELL SIR, IT DOESN'T HURT TO BE READY! I'LL CLEAR THE CUSTOMERS OUT OF THE BANK!

YOU'LL LOOK PRETTY SILLY IF THIS HUNCH TURNS OUT TO BE A FALSE ALARM, KEN!

I'D FEEL WORSE IF THE MOB HIT GILDER, AND I DIDN'T LIFT A PINKY TO PREVENT IT!

GILDER POLICE? SPECIAL AGENT YATES CALLING ON F. B. I. BEAM 1659! SEND EVERY AVAILABLE MAN TO BLOCK A STICKUP AT GILDER BANK! ONLY A FEW MINUTES REMAIN!

MIGOSH! THAT TIP WAS STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSES MOUTH! TWO CARS JUST PULLED UP LIKE THAT AGENT SAID...

EVERYBODY KEEP CALM AND STAY LOW! WE DON'T WANT ANYBODY GETTING HURT IF WE CAN HELP IT!

I- I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF IT, MAC! SOMETHING'S FUNNY! NOBODY IS COMING IN OR OUT!

YOUR IMAGINATION'S RUNNIN' AWAY WITH YOU, PINHEAD! W! THIS'LL BE A CINCH! BUT IF WE KEEP POSIN' OUT HERE LIKE WOODEN INDIANS, THEY'LL KNOW WE AIN'T BRINGIN' IN NO PEACE PIPE! LET'S GET BUSY!

OBEY THE LAW



DROP THOSE GUNS!

DON'T TURN, OR WE'LL SHOOT!

I-IT'S A TRAP! ...LEG IT! WE'LL FRY IF THEY CATCH US!



GET GOIN'! WE WALKED RIGHT INTO IT!

I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! ... GROAN! ... WHY DON'T THESE BIRD-BRAINS EVER LISTEN TO ME?

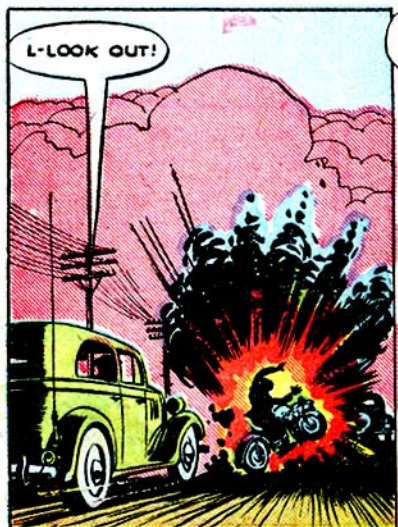


T-THERE'S A PATROL CAR AFTER US - TWO OF 'EM - AND MOTOR-CYCLE COPS!

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM! WHERE'S THAT DYNAMITE?



HEY GENIUS - WHO ELECTED THE BULLS TO WELCOME US IN THE FIRST PLACE? THEM BANK HACKS WERE READY FOR US! THEY HAD THAT BANK FLOOR FIXED UP LIKE NO-MAN'S LAND! AN' THEM DIZZY COPPERS DIDN'T TURN UP JUST OUTTA COINCIDENCE!



L-LOOK OUT!



S-SURE! JUST SHAKEN UP A BIT! JOE CAUGHT IT BAD! BETTER GET AN AMBULANCE - THEY'RE A TOUGH MOB, LIEUTENANT! DON'T LET 'EM GET AWAY!

WE'LL GET 'EM, SANDLER!



HOW MANY RATTLES DID WE GET?

TWO, BUT WE'RE NOT FINISHED TILL WE GET EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM! THESE ARE JUST SMALL FRY PICKED UP TO DO THE DYING! BUT I THINK WE'VE GOT A DEFINITE LEAD ON THE SKUNKS NOW! IF THEY FOLLOW THE BLACK HUNGERS SCHEDULE AS THEY'VE DONE BEFORE, THEY'LL GO AFTER THE BUTLER CITY BANK IN OKLAHOMA ON FEBRUARY FIRST!



THOSE BULLS WERE EXPECTING US! AN' IT CAN'T BE A COINCIDENCE! THEY'RE WISE TO US, MAC, WE SHOULD CLEAR OUT OF THIS NECK OF THE COUNTRY BEFORE THEY SHOVEL US ALL INTO POTTER'S FIELD!

NOTHIN' EVER HAPPENED LIKE WHAT HAPPENED TODAY!

THEN SOMEBODY SQUEALED ON US! I GOT IT! THE THREE NEW GUYS WE PICKED UP! THEY WERE SPIES FOR THE COPS! HOW ELSE COULD THE BULLS BE PREPARED?



YOU'RE OFF YOUR ROCKER, MAC! DIDN'T TWO OF 'EM CROAK? WOULD THE COPS GUN THEM, IF THEY WERE IN CAHOOTS? DENNY AN' TED WERE IN THE LEAD ...

BUT NOT HIM! DINKY WAS DRIVIN' THE FIRST CAR! HE WAS SAFE! AN' WHY NOT? HE SOLD OUT HIS OWN PALS! LOOK AT DINKY SHIVER AND TURN PALE! IF THAT DON'T PROVE HE DOUBLE-CROSSED US, NOTHIN' DOES!

MAC, YOU'RE CRAZY! I WOULDN'T DO A THING LIKE THAT!

OBEY THE LAW

BUT YOU DID! WE WERE GOIN' GREAT TILL I PICKED YOU OUT OF A GARBAGE CAN! NOW YOU'RE GOIN' BACK TO THE TRASH PILE! YOU WON'T LIVE TO SPEND A CENT OF THAT STOLEN MONEY THE COPS GAVE YOU!

DON'T BE A FOOL, MAC! DINKY WASN'T WORKING WITH THE BULLS ANYMORE THAN I WAS! YOU'RE JUST LOOKIN' FOR A SCAPEGOAT TO COVER UP YOUR OWN ERROR!

THAT'S IT! H-H-E WANTS TO MAKE ME THE FALL GUY! D-DON'T LET HIM!

SHUT UP! AN' KEEP YOUR BASTED MUG QUIET, OR YOU'LL JOIN THE PIG! I'M BOSS OF THIS GANG AN' I'LL DECIDE WHO'S A SQUEALER AND WHO'S NOT A SQUEALER.

NO ONE ELSE COULDA' DONE IT BUT YOU!

NOW WE CAN GO BACK TO THE SCHEDULE WITHOUT WORRYIN' ABOUT INTERFERENCE! WE'LL STAY HERE TILL THE BUTLER CITY STICKUP AN' NOBODY GIVE ME ANY BACK TALK!

I STILL SAY WE SHOULD WORK A NEW TERRITORY!

THEN SAY IT TO YOURSELF! WHEN MAC'S IN A MOOD LIKE THIS, LEAVE HIM ALONE! HE DON'T KNOW OR CARE FROM NUTHIN'!

THAT'S OKAY FOR YOU! YOU'RE HIS BROTHER—BUT WHY SHOULD I CROAK BECAUSE YOUR SCREW-BALL BROTHER WANTS THINGS HIS WAY? I'VE TAKEN HIS ORDERS, NOW HE TELLS ME TO COMMIT SUICIDE!

IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOWED, FEDERAL AGENTS YATES AND KENWORTHY PURSUED THE BLACK HUNGER CHAIN OF COINCIDENCES, UNTIL THEY CAME UPON ANOTHER AMAZING LINK!

KEN, I'VE BEEN TRACING THE BLACK HUNGER DESCENDANTS AS YOU SUGGESTED, AND GUESS WHAT? THERE ARE TWO MODERN HUNGER BROTHERS... MAC AND GILBERT! THEY DID TIME IN THE KANSAS PEN FOR BOOTLEGGING AND ARMED ROBBERY! NOW THEY'RE AWOL FROM THEIR PAROLE BOARD!

GET THEIR PICTURES! MAYBE SOME OF THE BANKS CAN IDENTIFY THEM!

NO DOUBT OF IT! THOSE WERE TWO OF THE MEN WHO ROBBED OUR BANK TWO MONTHS AGO!

MY HAT'S OFF TO YOU, KEN! YOUR HUNCH IS PAYING OFF!

SAM, I WANT THIS MAN-HUNT TO PAY OFF WITH THE HUNGER BROTHERS! IF WE DON'T NET 'EM BY FEBRUARY NEXT, IT'S DOLLARS TO DOUGH-NUTS THEY'LL SHOW UP AT THE BUTLER CITY BANK!

THE HUNT BEGAN, BUT NOT A HINT OF THE BLACK HUNGER SCHEDULE WAS KNOWN TO ANYBODY BUT THE INNER CIRCLE OF THE F.B.I. AND THE OKLAHOMA POLICE! THE FACES OF THE HUNGER BROTHERS SHARLED FROM A MILLION CIRCULARS THROUGHOUT THE WEST! THEY HUNG AT POLICE STATIONS, RAILROAD TERMINALS, BANKS, AND POST OFFICES! THE BIG SQUEEZE WAS ON!

DID YOU SAY YOU WANTED A THREE-CENT STAMP?

Y-YEAH... THAT'S WHAT I SAID... OH-OH?

MAC AND GIL WANTED FOR PAROLE JUMPING!

LISTEN TO ME FOR ONCE, MAC! THE BULLS DON'T PUT ON A POSTER CAMPAIGN LIKE THAT TO LAND PAROLE-JUMPERS! THEY WANT YOU FOR SOMETHING ELSE YOU AND ME KNOW WHAT THAT IS!

YOU KNOW NOTHING! THEM COPPERS ARE JUST FEELIN' AROUND IN THE DARK! WE STAY PUT TILL FRIDAY, THE FIRST.. AN' SHUT UP!

YOU AIN'T TALKIN' FOR ME, MAC!

I'M FED UP WITH YOUR CRACKPOT IDEAS! MAYBE YOU WANNA GET SHOVELED IN, BUT I AIN'T KEERIN' YOU COMPANY! WHAT'S MORE, IT'S TIME YOU SPLIT THE TAKE OF THOSE BANKS! THAT DOUGH AIN'T TOO HOT FOR MY FINGERS, SO GET IT OUT!

I AIN'T SURPRISED! YOU PULLED THIS, NUTSY! YOU BEEN GRIPING FOR WEEKS!

MAYBE HE'S RIGHT, MAC! WE'RE BEGGING FOR TROUBLE HANGING AROUND THESE PARTS!

OBEY THE LAW

THAT DOUGH IS STAYIN' RIGHT WHERE IT IS! WE'LL SPLIT IT, WHEN I SAY SO! IS THAT CLEAR, NUTSY?

NO, IT AIN'T, MAC-RUSTLE UP MY SHARE NOW! WE'VE COME TO THE PARTING OF THE WAYS!

BEEF ALL YOU LIKE, CHUM, BUT NEVER POINT A HEATER AT ME OR MY BROTHER!

IMAGINE THAT WEASEL PULLIN' A ROD ON ME! LET ME GO! I'LL KILL THE BACK-BITIN' DOG!

NO! NUTSY'S RIGHT, MAC! BUT YOU'VE BEEN RIGHT SEVEN TIMES, TOO! YOU'RE ENTITLED TO ANOTHER CRACK AT YOUR BRAINSTORM-BUT IF IT BACKFIRES THIS TIME, KISS THAT HUNGER SCHEDULE GOODBYE!

YEAH-IF HE'S STILL ALIVE TO KISS IT!

THE EPISODE WITH NUTSY HAD TAUGHT MAC HUNGER A LESSON! THE HOT LOOT FROM SEVEN BANKS WASN'T SAFE ABOVE GROUND, SO MAC, WHO WAS SO ADEPT AT BURYING THINGS, BURIED THE MONEY! NUTSY, NATURALLY, WAS NOT A SPECTATOR!

SWEAR YOU'LL NEVER TELL WHERE THE DOUGH IS! SWEAR ON YOUR LIVES, BECAUSE THEY WON'T BE WORTH A DIME IF YOU DOUBLE-CROSS ME!

I SWEAR!

I'LL LET YOU IN ON A SECRET, NUTSY-- THE DOUGH'S BURIED! YOU'LL GET YOUR CUT WHEN I'M GOOD AN' READY! DID THESE TWO MUGS I SENT FOR SHOW UP?

YEAH! THEY'RE WAITIN' FOR YOUR PERMISSION TO BREATHE!

I GUESS I GOT A LITTLE HOT UNDER THE COLLAR! I'M GONNA TURN IN-- WE'VE GOT A TOUGH DAY AHEAD!

THE HUNGERS DIDN'T KNOW HOW TOUGH IT WAS GOING TO BE! THEY DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT THE PREPARATIONS-- THE EXCELLENT TEAMWORK BETWEEN THE FBI AND THE BUTLER CITY POLICE! THE HUNGERS WERE GOING TO A PARTY, BUT DIDN'T KNOW THAT DEATH AND DISASTER WERE ALSO INVITED!

WE'RE ALL SET IN THIS CAR, BUT CAN WE RELY ON NUTSY? HE WAS BAD MEDICINE LAST NIGHT!

WITH SQUINTY AN' BILL AIMIN' RODS AT HIS HEAD, HE'LL HAVE TO BEHAVE! OKAY, JUNIOR, PARK RIGHT ON THEIR DOORSTEP!

IF THE SUPERSTITIOUS KID IS SO SURE OF HIMSELF, LET HIM GO IN FIRST! I'M STICKIN' CLOSE TO THIS CRATE AN' IF YOU BUMS DON'T LIKE IT, GO AHEAD AN' SHOOT ME! GO ON, GIVE THE BULLS A SIGNAL--WHY DON'T YA?

YOU CRUMB! WE SHOULD'VE LET MAC PLUG YOU THE OTHER NIGHT!

WE'LL WATCH, NUTSY! YOU GUYS PILE OUT--FOLLOW THE BOSS, QUICK!

IT WAS IDENTICAL WITH WHAT HAPPENED AT GILDER--WITH ONE DIFFERENCE! THERE WAS MORE TIME FOR THE POLICE TO REHEARSE AND LESS TIME FOR THE HUNGERS TO BACK OUT!

RAISE 'EM, OR TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES!

WE'RE NOT FOOLING, HUNGER--WE'RE SHOOTING TO KILL!

SO ARE WE! SQUINTY! BILL! COVER US--WE'RE COMIN' OUT!

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

MAYBE YOU'LL THANK ME NOW FOR HANGIN' BACK! LOOK AT THOSE BULLS COME FROM THE SIDE STREETS!

THAT FOOL MAC! HE SURE HAD IT COMIN' WITH HIS PIG-HEADED IDEAS! THEY GOT HIS NUMBER!

GIL JUST WENT DOWN WITH A SLUG! THEY CAN'T PULL AWAY FROM THE CURB, EITHER! THE BULLS THREW SLUGS INTO THEIR ENGINE!

NUTSY! SQUINTY! WAIT FOR US--YA DOUBLE-CROSSERS! SOB! THEY'RE RUNNIN' OUT ON US!

OBEY THE LAW

WHAT'LL IT BE, HUNGERS A TRIAL OR A QUICK FINISH? WE CAN FURNISH BOTH! JUST GIVE US THE GOOD WORD!

IT'S NO USE! THEY GOT US TRAPPED!

AS LONG AS WE GOT A CHOICE LET'S MAKE IT A GOOD ONE! WE CAN ALWAYS BUST OUT OF JAIL... BUT NOBODY I KNOW OF EVER CRACKED OUT FROM A COFFIN!

YOU'VE GOT US! WE GIVE UP!

WELL, WE GOT THROUGH, THANKS TO ME! WHAT DO YOU THINK HAPPENED TO MAC AND GIL?

MAC GAVE UP NATURALLY! HE ONCE TOLD ME...NEVER TRY TO SHOOT YOUR WAY OUT OF A SPOT! LET 'EM COLLAR YOU, GO'S YOU CAN LIVE TO CRASH OUT OF STIR!! WE'LL FOLLOW THE NEWS PAPERS... FIND OUT WHAT STIR THEY SENT THE BOYS TO... THEN HELP 'EM BUST OUT!

I'LL TELL YOU ONE THING, SQUINTY YOU'VE GOT MORE CONFIDENCE IN THOSE CRACKPOTS THAN THEY DESERVE!

IF WE PLEAD GUILTY, MAC, THEY'LL SEND US TO PRISON FOR LIFE!

I FIGURE THIS WAY...IF WE FIGHT THIS CASE, WE'LL WIND UP IN THE THE DEATH HOUSE, WHERE IT'S TOUGHER TO CRASH OUT OF THAN ANY OF THE DOZEN PRISON FARMS THEY'D BE SENDIN' US TO IF WE PLEADED GUILTY! SQUINTY WILL CONTACT US! AND MAKE THE RUNOUT EASY AS PIE!

BESIDES, WHAT'RE YOU WORRYIN' ABOUT? DID I EVER LET YOU DOWN?

NOR DID THE LAW LET THE HUNGERS DOWN! THE HUNGERS DREW 199 YEARS A PIECE! A LONG ENOUGH SENTENCE FOR ANY MAN, INCLUDING METHUSALAH! BUT THE HUNGERS WEREN'T CONCERNED ABOUT THE NUMBER OF YEARS!

IF SQUINTY WAS SUPPOSED TO GET A MESSAGE TO US WHAT'S HE WAITING FOR? WE'VE BEEN DIGGIN' IN THIS CABBAGE PATCH TILL MY BACK'S HALF BROKE!

GIVE SQUINTY TIME! I ALWAYS PUSHED THE COCKEYED CRUMB AROUND, BUT HE'S ALWAYS BEEN JOHNNY-ON-THE-SPOT WHEN I NEEDED HIM!

MEANWHILE, THEIR GOOD FRIEND NUTSY, COULD BE DEPENDED UPON TO GO MADDER THAN HE ALREADY WAS!

SQUINTY KEEPS GOIN' OUT TO GET THE LAY OF THE LAND AN' NOTHIN' HAPPENS! IT'LL BE LIKE EVERYTHING THEM HUNGERS PULLED - A COMPLETE WASHOUT! YOU KNOW WHERE MAC BURIED THE DOUGH! WHY DO WE HAVE TO WAIT FOR THEM? WHY DON'T WE GO THERE AN' DIG IT UP!

THEY'D KILL US IF THEY FOUND OUT!

THERE'S ONLY ONE GUY WHO COULD TELL 'EM.. ONE GUY WHO HAS ENOUGH BRAINS TO LEAD THE HUNGER BOYS OUT OF STIR! BUT WHAT IF WE BLEW THOSE BRAINS OUT?

YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, NUTSY! THERE'S A HUNDRED GRAND ROTTING AWAY IN THE OKLAHOMA DUST BOWL! WHY SHOULDN'T WE DIG IT UP! WE RISKED OUR NECKS TO GET IT, DIDN'T WE? AN' WHAT GOOD IS IT TO THEM!

WELL, WELL, WELL!

SQUINTY WASTED NO TIME COMPLETING HIS PLANS FOR THE BREAK! TWO WEEKS LATER, THE HUNGER BROTHERS GOT THE MESSAGE! THEY'D BEEN HUNGERING FOR!

MAC, I MINED THE FENCE DURING THE NIGHT! I'LL BLAST IT AT TWELVE SHARP, TOMORROW - RUN IN A STRAIGHT LINE BETWEEN THE TWO PINE TREES ON THE HILL, BECAUSE I'VE GOT BOOBY TRAPS PLANTED ON THE OUTSIDE OF THAT LINE TO TAKE CARE OF THE PURSUIT!

REMEMBER, SQUINTY!

THOSE MUST BE THE TWO PINES SQUINTY MEANS! GOOD OLD COCKEY! HE'S DONE IT AGAIN!

LITTLE DID HE KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING, BUT SQUINTY DID IT JUST THE SAME! ONE THING WAS CRASHING OUT! ANOTHER THING WAS TO STAY UN-CAUGHT! SQUINTY WAS TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE FACTS OF LOW-LIFE LATER ON!

THERE IT GOES!

HEY! LOOK AT THOSE OTHER CONGS! THEY'RE MAKIN' THE BREAK WITH US! THEY'RE RUNNIN' STRAIGHT FOR THE BOOBY TRAPS!

SQUINTY! - DO YOU SEE WHAT'S HAPPENIN'?

THAT'S TOUGH! NOT ONLY FOR THEM, BUT US, TOO! THEY'RE DETONATING THE MINE FIELD! NOW THE BULLS WILL BREEZE THROUGH!

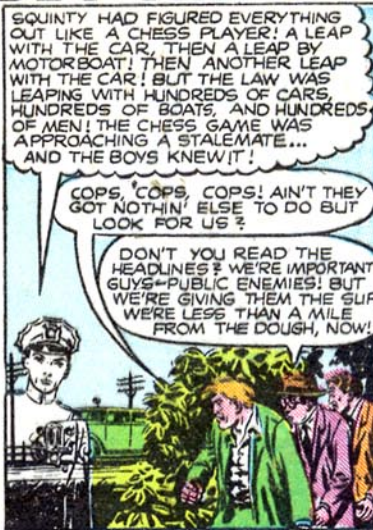
OBEY THE LAW



WHERE'S NUTSY AN' BILL?

DIGGING UP THE MONEY AND CURSING THE DAY I GAVE THEM THE SLIP, THEY DOUBLE-CROSSED YOU, MAC!

NOBODY DOUBLE-CROSSES ME! THEY ONLY TRY! IF THAT DOUGH IS GONE, THEY'LL BE GONERS! WHERE'VE YOU GOT THE OUTBOARD HIDE, SQUINTY? WE CAN'T STAY ON THIS ROAD MUCH LONGER!



SQUINTY HAD FIGURED EVERYTHING OUT LIKE A CHESS PLAYER. A LEAP WITH THE CAR, THEN A LEAP BY MOTORBOAT, THEN ANOTHER LEAP WITH THE CAR! BUT THE LAW WAS LEAPING WITH HUNDREDS OF CARS, HUNDREDS OF BOATS, AND HUNDREDS OF MEN! THE CHESS GAME WAS APPROACHING A STALEMATE... AND THE BOYS KNEW IT!

COPS, COPS, COPS! AIN'T THEY GOT NOTHIN' ELSE TO DO BUT LOOK FOR US?

DON'T YOU READ THE HEADLINES? WE'RE IMPORTANT GUYS—PUBLIC ENEMIES! BUT WE'RE GIVING THEM THE SLIP... WE'RE LESS THAN A MILE FROM THE DOUGH, NOW!

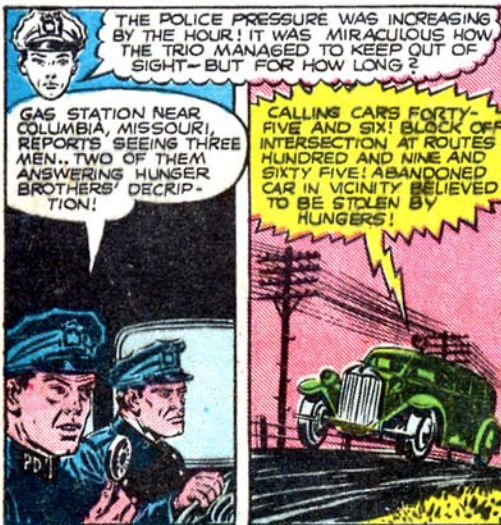


IT'S BILL CRESTON WITH TWO BULLETS IN HIM! WE'RE TOO LATE! NUTSY BEAT US TO IT!

SQUINTY, WHERE DOES NUTSY HANG OUT?

ST. LOUIS! THAT'S WHERE I HEARD HIM TELL BILL THEY'D STAY! I EVEN KNOW THE HOTEL— BUT HOW'LL WE GET THERE?

WE'LL GET THERE! DON'T WORRY!



THE POLICE PRESSURE WAS INCREASING BY THE HOUR! IT WAS MIRACULOUS HOW THE TRIO MANAGED TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT— BUT FOR HOW LONG?

GAS STATION NEAR COLUMBIA, MISSOURI, REPORTS SEEING THREE MEN... TWO OF THEM ANSWERING HUNGER BROTHERS' DESCRIPTION!

CALLING CARS FORTY-FIVE AND SIX! BLOCK OFF INTERSECTION AT ROUTES HUNDRED AND NINE AND SIXTY FIVE! ABANDONED CAR IN VICINITY BELIEVED TO BE STOLEN BY HUNGRERS!



HE NEVER LOOKED INSIDE THIS CAR—THE LUCKY BUM!

HE AIN'T LUCKY! WE'RE LUCKY! WE'LL MAKE ST. LOUIS BY MORNING... DON'T GET TOO HAPPY— THE COPS ARE THERE, TOO!



WHICH ROOM IS MISTER MARLOWE'S? WE'VE COME A LONG WAY TO SEE HIM! WE'RE FRIENDS OF HIS!

MR. MARLOWE SAID HE HAS NO FRIENDS... OHHH!

YOU'RE GONNA SEE THAT HE GETS SOCIABLE RIGHT NOW! WHAT DID YOU SAY HIS ROOM NUMBER WAS?



MARGARET! GET THE COPS! THEY'RE GOING TO KILL ME!

MISSED HER! THERE AIN'T TIME TO CHASE HER, EITHER! WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST, BEFORE THE BULLS SWARM OVER US!



HELLO, NUTSY!

GOOD-BY, NUTSY!

WAIT A MINUTE! I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHIN'.



IT'S ALL HERE, EVERY LAST BUCK OF IT! W-WHAT'S THAT?

A PATROL CAR JUST PULLED UP!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? UP THE FIRE ESCAPE AND ACROSS THE ROOF! THERE'S A FERRY ON THE NEXT BLOCK! WE CAN GET ACROSS THE RIVER!

OBEY THE LAW

WITH THE LOOT OF MONTHS OF VILLAINY IN THEIR HANDS THE HUNGER BROTHERS TOOK TO THE FIRE ESCAPE, BUT THE METAL STRUCTURE WAS MISNAMED! PLENTY OF FIRING WENT ON, BUT THERE WAS NO ESCAPE!

THEY MIGHT BE HEADING ACROSS THE ROOF TO THE NEXT BLOCK! CALL HEAD-QUARTERS! WE MAY NEED A FEW MORE MEN!

THEY RACED TO THE FERRY BOAT! BUT EAST ST. LOUIS WAS NOT THEIR DESTINATION!

HOLD THAT BOAT!

DROP THAT ROPE, OR I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU!

STAY BACK! WE'LL KILL THE FIRST CHUMP WHO COMES NEAR US!

IF THEY BEAT US TO THE OTHER SIDE, THEY'LL BE HARD TO CATCH! GET GOING AFTER THOSE RATS IN THE BOAT! I'LL PHONE THE EAST ST. LOUIS HEAD-QUARTERS TO MEET 'EM PULLING IN!

THEY'RE CLOSIN' IN! WE CAN'T KEEP 'EM OFF! GET TO THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FERRY! WE'RE PULLIN' INTO THE SLIP!

MAC! GRAB YOURSELF A SHIELD! AND YOU, BABY, DON'T MAKE A BREAK, OR YOU'LL END UP IN A MORGUE!

IF YOU FIRE AT US, YOU BLUEBELLIES, WE'LL FIRE INTO THE CROWD!

FORGET THE COPS— JUMP FOR IT!

OOps!

HEY, SQUINTY! LOOK OUT! SQUINTY'S CRUSHED!

THE DEVIL WITH SQUINTY! THERE'S COPS COMIN' DOWN THE SLIP!

CRUNCH!

SURRENDER, YOU TWO, OR IT'S CURTAINS!

IF THAT'S THEIR ANSWER, WE COULDN'T HAVE A BETTER GILT-EDGED INVITATION! GIVE IT TO THEM, BOYS—THEY PREFER TO GO FEET FIRST!

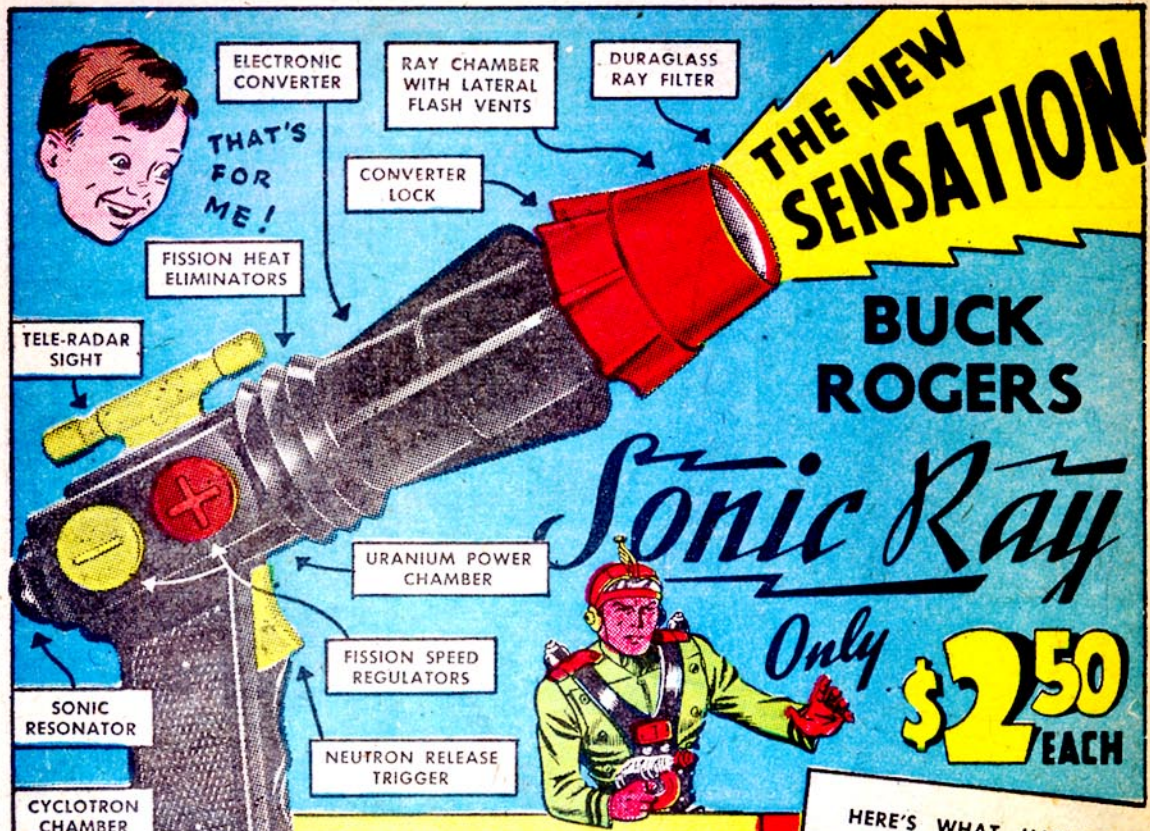
BANG! BANG!

THE FIRING LASTED FOR ONLY A MINUTE, BUT THE DYING TOOK MUCH LESS TIME! HARDLY AS MUCH TIME AS IT TAKES TO SAY, THE LATE HUNGER BROTHERS!

HOLD YOUR FIRE! THEY'RE FINISHED!

AND SO PASSED INTO OBLIVION TWO CREATURES! FROM THE INSTANT THEY PICKED UP GUNS TO PICK UP MONEY, NOT ALL THE LUCK OF EVIL MEN, NOT ALL THE LURID POWER OF SUPERSTITION COUNTED A TINKER'S DAM AGAINST THE POWER OF RIGHT AGAINST EVIL—THE ENFORCEMENT OF LAW AGAINST THE LAWLESS! IT WAS SO IN TULSA IN 1886; AND IN EAST ST. LOUIS IN MAY, 1933! I SUBMIT THE EVIDENCE!

THE END



THAT'S FOR ME!

THE NEW SENSATION

BUCK ROGERS

Sonic Ray

Only **\$2.50** EACH

TELE-RADAR SIGHT

ELECTRONIC CONVERTER

RAY CHAMBER WITH LATERAL FLASH VENTS

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NEUTRON RELEASE TRIGGER

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Now YOU can own this newest, most sensational instrument. Generates a powerful beam of light and high frequency buzz that you can SEE-HEAR and FEEL! Nothing else like it. Nothing else will give you so much fun—so many thrilling hours. Nothing else will be so admired—so wanted by everybody who sees it. And only \$2.50!

You press the trigger. It lights! It sounds! It flashes! Look at all the features shown above. Think what you can do with one of these new, famous Buck Rogers Sonic Rays. Think what a wonderful gift it will make, too. Order one for yourself—and some for Christmas and birthday presents.

But order today. This is the sensation of the year. Comes to you boxed, instrument finished in beautiful, durable plastic—in three colors! Complete with batteries and special booklet giving Morse and Buck Rogers Interplanetary Code. Order now.

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FREE IF YOU HURRY!
Send your order now—and as a reward for promptness, we will give you a beautiful new ball-point pen with every Buck Rogers Sonic Ray you buy. This is one of America's best ball pens—yours if you send your order in early. Mail coupon today.

HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS WHEN BUCK FIRES HIS SONIC RAY

Buck aims through Tele-Radar Sight. He presses Neutron Release trigger. This frees neutrons in Cyclotron Chamber. The neutrons are shot into Uranium Power Chamber and atoms are split at a rate controlled by Fission Speed Regulators. The splitting atoms create atomic power and give off a high frequency buzz. The high frequency buzz is amplified in Sonic Resonator. Heat generated by the atomic power is given off by Fission Heat Eliminators. The atomic power passes into the Electronic Converter where the atomic energy is changed into electric power. The electrons flow into Ray Chamber where they pass through thorium elements which in turn give off the sonic ray. Most of the ray passes through Duraglass Ray-filter which allows only the sonic ray to pass. Lower frequency rays pass out through Lateral Flash Vents.

SEND COUPON TODAY

J. Whitford Gordon Sales Co., Dept. A
505 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me _____ Buck Rogers Sonic Ray(s) at \$2.50 each.
I enclose \$_____ Send C.O.D. _____

(Note: If sent C.O.D. there will be a few cents additional charge for postage.)

Your Name _____
Street _____
City _____ Zone _____ State _____

SEE DANGERS THAT LURK AHEAD IN THE POWERFUL RAY



SIGNAL YOUR FRIENDS DAY OR NIGHT



YOURS - THE BUCK ROGERS INTER-PLANETARY CODE



NOTE: In Buck Rogers dangerous adventures, he must often use a secret code. We are passing this code, known only to Buck Rogers Rocket Rangers, on to you. Use it to send secret messages to your friends. Only those who have a Sonic Ray will know this code.

NEVER BEFORE...

...IN THE HISTORY OF ILLUSTRATIONS HAS THE ACCLAIM OF A SINGLE STORY BEEN SO OVERWHELMING! THIS RESPONSE DEFINITELY ESTABLISHES ILLUSTRATIONS AS A GREAT LITERARY MEDIUM!

DEAR READERS:

IT IS NEEDLESS TO SAY THAT WE ARE CONSTANTLY TRYING TO BETTER OUR LAST EFFORTS WITH EACH NEW ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL! ACCORDING TO THE RESPONSE TO THE STORY ABOUT PETEY DAVIS IN SEPTEMBER ISSUE NO. 50, WE ARE MAKING PROGRESS! THESE ARE SOME OF THE HEAD-SWELLING LETTERS THAT THE FIRST WE REFER TO RECEIVED! OUR JOB OBLIGATION IS TO ENTERTAIN YOU! HOWEVER, IF THESE STORIES ARE ABLE TO TEACH SOME MORAL TO EVEN ONE WHO NEEDS IT, THEY HAVE DONE MORE THAN IS RIGHTLY EXPECTED OF THEM! THE PROOF THAT DAREDEVIL IS GOING EVEN ONE BETTER IS BETWEEN THE LINES OF THESE AND THE MANY THOUSANDS OF LETTERS THAT WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM YOU!

the editors

I READ FEW COMICS, SO IT WAS BY ACCIDENT THAT I READ THE STORY OF PETEY DAVIS. THIS LETTER IS TO TELL YOU I THINK IT IS ONE OF THE BEST SHORT STORIES I HAVE EVER READ -- FROM DE MAU-PASSANT TO MARK TWAIN -- AND I ENJOYED IT IMMENSELY.

SALIE GREENBERG
531 LEONARD ST.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

IN YOUR DAREDEVIL NO. 50 I PARTICULARLY LIKED THE STORY ABOUT PETER DAVIS THAT DAREDEVIL TOLD. PETER DAVIS NO. 1 WAS LIKE A BOY I KNOW, AND I'M SURE IF HE READS IT, IT WILL CHANGE HIM.

GEORGE ALLEN
252 SO. THIRD AVE.
BRIGHTON, COLORADO

DEAR MR. BIRO:
MAY I, A MERE TEEN-AGER, HAVE THE HONOR TO PRESENT YOU WITH AN OSCAR AND MY OWN PERSONAL NOBEL PRIZE FOR YOUR SINCERE AND STIRRING STORY OF PETEY DAVIS IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL. I MYSELF, AM IN JOURNALISTIC EFFORTS, AND SINCERELY APPLAUD YOUR WONDERFUL STORY -- WHICH IN ALL REALITY CANNOT BE CALLED A STORY. IT REPRESENTS THE IDEALS OF AMERICANISM, THE HUMAN AND REAL SIDE OF OUR AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE. IT IS MORE THAN JUST A MERE TALE YOU WOVE, MR. BIRO. IT WAS TRULY AN ACHIEVEMENT. IT WAS PUBLICATION SUCCESS, AND MAY YOUR WHERE HUMAN LIFE EXISTS IN THE UNIVERSE.

MISS BEVERLY LEVIN
1355 SO. KOLIN AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

AFTER READING DAREDEVIL COMICS NO. 50, I WOULD LIKE TO COMPLEMENT YOU ON YOUR WONDERFUL WORK. THE STORY OF PETEY NO. 1 AND PETEY NO. 2 WAS AN EXCELLENT PORTRAYAL OF A BOY WHO HAD A CHANCE TO BE A LIFE OF CRIME, STAR OR LEAD A LIFE OF OLYMPIC FEAR AND DESPAIR. IF MORE BOYS AND GIRLS WOULD READ THAT STORY, I'M SURE THAT THERE WOULD BE LESS JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

HARRIET CUTLER
1625 EAST 13TH ST.
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

I HAVE JUST READ DAREDEVIL NO. 50. IF MORE BOYS, AND GIRLS, TOO, WOULD BE LIKE PETEY NO. 2 THERE WOULD BE LESS CRIME IN AMERICA. YOU HAVE GOD'S BLESSING FROM ME ON YOUR GOOD WORK AND YOUR INTEGRITY.

DOROTHY MAZERSKA, NO. 58
HUNGERFORD PACKING CO.
HUNGERFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

I THINK DAREDEVIL REALLY PROVES THAT CRIME DOES NOT PAY IN ISSUE NO. 50. THE SECOND PETEY DAVIS NOT ONLY MADE A GOOD FUTURE FOR HIMSELF, BUT ALSO HELPED HIS FRIEND,

MARY ANN MONAHAN
677 COURTLANDT AVE.
BRONX, NEW YORK

I LIKE ALL YOUR STORIES, BUT THE ONE THAT WAS ESPECIALLY APPEALING WAS THE STORY OF PETEY DAVIS IN DAREDEVIL NO. 50. IT IS A VERY GOOD EXAMPLE OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE ABILITY, BUT USE IT THE WRONG WAY. I HOPE TO BE ABLE TO BUY MANY MORE OF YOUR FINE MAGAZINES.

JOHNNY LAM-18
BOX 291
BANDERA, TEXAS

IN YOUR NO. 50 ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL YOU SHOWED HOW A BOY LIKE PETEY DAVIS COULD HAVE CHOSEN THE BETTER PATH TO FAME EARLY DEATH. I'M SURE THAT MANY OTHERS LIKE MYSELF WOULD ENJOY MORE STORIES OF THAT KIND.

WANDA DATTIS
45 WARD STREET
WORCESTER, MASS.

I HAD TO SIT DOWN AND WRITE YOU A LETTER COMPLEMENTING YOU ON AN EXCELLENT ISSUE. I ESPECIALLY LIKE DAREDEVIL'S STORY ABOUT PETEY DAVIS. IT HELD MY INTEREST TO THE VERY END AS NO STORY HAS BEFORE. THANKS VERY MUCH FOR SUCH A SWELL ISSUE.

LOWELL G. GILBERT
BOX 125
OSSIAN, IOWA

THERE ARE NO WORDS TO EXPRESS MY ADMIRATION FOR THE FINE JOB YOUR MAGAZINE IS DOING. IN MY ESTIMATION THIS IS THE BEST AND MOST INTELLIGENT STRIKE AGAINST JUVENILE DELINQUENCY. I SHOULD LIKE TO COMPLIMENT YOU ON THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE FOR AN EXTREMELY CONVINCING AND WELL-HANDLED STORY, PLUS AN EXCELLENT JOB ON THE ART.

F.H. WITTE
HARTFORD, MASS.

I DON'T WRITE MANY LETTERS BUT YOUR STORY ABOUT PETEY DAVIS IN DAREDEVIL NO. 50 BROUGHT REGRETATIONS FROM THE WHOLE FAMILY. I WANT TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE BEST STORY I HAVE EVER READ IN A COMIC BOOK.

GEORGE DELURY
359 AUDITORIUM CIRCLE
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA

I WOULD LIKE TO CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR SEPTEMBER ISSUE OF DAREDEVIL. IT PROVES THAT GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP AND CLEAN FUN REALLY PAY OFF. IT ALSO PROVES THAT WE CHOOSE OUR OWN FUTURE, WHETHER GOOD OR BAD.

BEVERLY HAFNER
GENERAL DELIVERY
YUBA CITY, CALIF.

I CAN'T BEGIN TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH I ENJOYED THE PETEY DAVIS STORY IN SUCH WONDERFUL WORK IN MAKING IT EXCITING AND FEEL I HAVE TAKEN A PART IN THE STORY. I KNOW I CAN SPEAK FOR EVERYONE WHEN I SAY NO OTHER COMIC CAN BEAT DAREDEVIL AND YOUR OTHER GREAT MAGAZINES.

TERESA FELICIANI
413 S. DU'ONT ST.
WILMINGTON, DEL.

DAREDEVIL NO. 50 WAS MARVELOUS! THE STORY IS ONE OF THE BEST I HAVE EVER READ. KEEP ON WITH THOSE TRUE-TO-LIFE, ALL-AMERICAN STORIES. THEY ARE NOT ONLY A PLEASURE TO READ FOR THE FIRST TIME, BUT A GREATER PLEASURE TO READ OVER AND OVER AGAIN. THE ART WORK IS ALSO TERRIFIC.

LUCILLE LANGELLA
105 SHERMAN AVE.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.

I HAVE JUST FINISHED READING DAREDEVIL NO. 50. I THINK THIS ISSUE ALONE IS ENOUGH TO TURN JUVENILE DELINQUENTS INTO ANGELS! DAREDEVIL RANKS TOPS AMONG MY COMICS, INCLUDING CRIME DOES NOT PAY, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT AND BOY COMICS. I SALUTE YOU FOR THE FINE WORK YOU HAVE DONE.

JUDY MASTERS
2081 77th ST.
BROOKLYN, N.Y.

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

A TRUE CRIME STORY

KENO RAWSON

WITH THREE FOOLS WHO DID HIS BIDDING, HE TERRORIZED THE SOUTH IN THE EARLY THIRTIES!

KENO RAWSON KILLED
NOV. 1933

LAFE JACKSON DIED
ELECTRIC CHAIR
1934

SHARPY EVANS DIED
ELECTRIC CHAIR
1934

BABE SIMPSON DIED
ELECTRIC CHAIR
1934

drawn by FRED GUARDINEER



KENO RAWSON



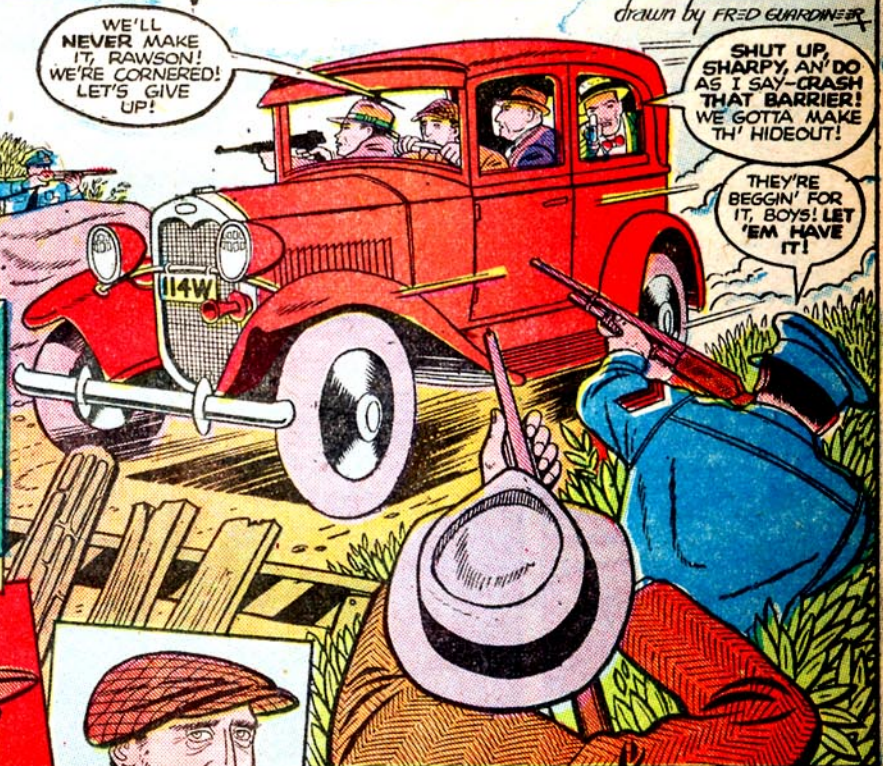
BABE SIMPSON



LAFE JACKSON



SHARPY EVANS



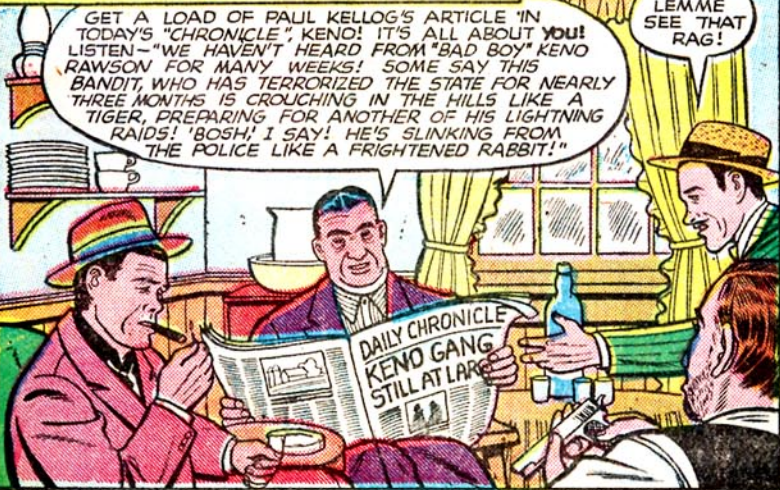
WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT, RAWSON! WE'RE CORNERED! LET'S GIVE UP!

SHUT UP, SHARPY, AN' DO AS I SAY—CRASH THAT BARRIER! WE GOTTA MAKE TH' HIDEOUT!

THEY'RE BEGGIN' FOR IT, BOYS! LET 'EM HAVE IT!

RUTHLESS, EGOTISTICAL, KENO RAWSON, ALONG WITH HIS THREE FOOLISH STOOGES, BLAZED A TRAIL OF DEATH AND TERROR THROUGHOUT THE SOUTH IN THE EARLY THIRTIES! THE STRONG ARM OF THE LAW SOON CAUGHT UP WITH THEM, HOWEVER, AND KENO DIED AS HE HAD LIVED—VIOLENTLY! THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE RAWSON GANG MET DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR!

IN JUNE, 1933, FOUR MEMBERS OF THE RAWSON MOB, KENO RAWSON, BABE SIMPSON, LAFE JACKSON, AND SHARPY EVANS LAY HOLED-UP IN THEIR MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT...



GET A LOAD OF PAUL KELLOGG'S ARTICLE 'IN TODAY'S "CHRONICLE", KENO! IT'S ALL ABOUT YOU! LISTEN—"WE HAVEN'T HEARD FROM "BAD BOY" KENO RAWSON FOR MANY WEEKS! SOME SAY THIS BANDIT, WHO HAS TERRORIZED THE STATE FOR NEARLY THREE MONTHS IS CROUCHING IN THE HILLS LIKE A TIGER, PREPARING FOR ANOTHER OF HIS LIGHTNING RAIDS! "BOSH," I SAY! HE'S SLINKING FROM THE POLICE LIKE A FRIGHTENED RABBIT!"

LEMME SEE THAT RAG!

THE SAP! THAT'S ME HE'S WRITIN' ABOUT! 'FRIGHTENED RABBIT,' AM I? I'LL ANSWER THAT PEN-PUSHER! I'LL SHOVE THIS RAG DOWN HIS THROAT, AN' MAKE HIM EAT EVERY WORD IN IT! BABE, GET THE CAR!



OBEY THE LAW

THE ELEVATOR BOY SAYS KELLOG'S DUE OUT ANY MINUTE, KENO! KELLOG'S A TUBBY LITTLE GUY WITH GLASSES! THE BOY SAYS WE CAN'T MISS HIM!

OKAY, SHARPY YOU COME WITH ME! YOU OTHER GUYS KEEP THE DOORS OPEN AN' THE MOTOR RUNNIN'!

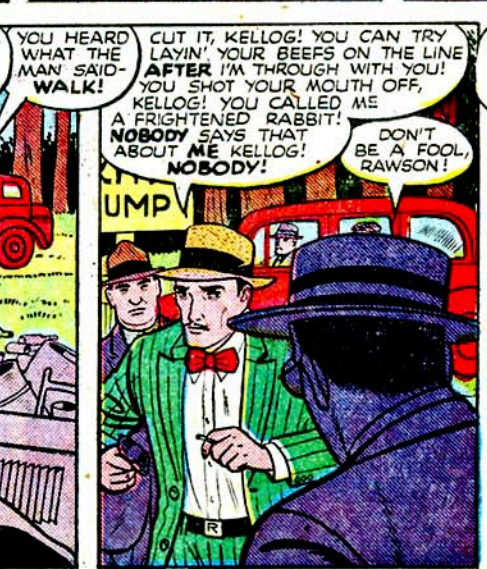
HEY, YOU! IS YOUR NAME PAUL KELLOG?

THAT'S RIGHT, FRIEND! WHY?

THAT'S A QUESTION YOU'RE GONNA GET PLENTY OF ANSWERS TO, BUT FOR NOW, KEEP YOUR TRAP BUTTONED AN' WALK TOWARDS THIS CAR LIKE WE WERE FRIENDS!

SAY! WHAT KIND OF GAG 'IS THIS? WHO ARE YOU FELLOWS?

IT'S TOO BAD YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE AROUND LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET ACCQUAINTED! I'M KENO RAWSON!



D'YOU SEE THAT WRECKED JALOPY OVER THERE, KELLOG? START WALKIN' TOWARDS IT!

I'M WARNING YOU, RAWSON! YOU'RE PLAYING WITH THE PRESS NOW, NOT ONE OF YOUR GANG FRIENDS!

YOU HEARD WHAT THE MAN SAID-WALK!

CUT IT, KELLOG! YOU CAN TRY LAYIN' YOUR BEEFS ON THE LINE AFTER I'M THROUGH WITH YOU! YOU SHOT YOUR MOUTH OFF, KELLOG! YOU CALLED ME A FRIGHTENED RABBIT! NOBODY SAYS THAT ABOUT ME KELLOG! NOBODY!

GIMME THAT ARTICLE, BABE! KELLOG AIN'T GONNA BE ABLE TO EAT HIS WORDS, BUT IT'LL TEACH OTHERS TO BE CAREFUL WHAT THEY SAY ABOUT KENO RAWSON!

RAWSON! YOU'RE NOT GETTING ME INTO THIS CAR!

SAYS YOU!

NEVER MIND THAT, BABE-INTO THE BACK SEAT WITH HIM, QUICK!

YOU KNOCKED HIM COLDER'N A MACKEREL, KENO! NICE WORK!

WHERE TO, KENO?

THE CITY DUMP, LAF! I WANT KELLOG TO FEEL RIGHT AT HOME WHILE HE AN' I HAVE OUR LITTLE TALK!

D'YOU SEE THAT WRECKED JALOPY OVER THERE, KELLOG? START WALKIN' TOWARDS IT!

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YOU HEARD WHAT THE MAN SAID-WALK!

CUT IT, KELLOG! YOU CAN TRY LAYIN' YOUR BEEFS ON THE LINE AFTER I'M THROUGH WITH YOU! YOU SHOT YOUR MOUTH OFF, KELLOG! YOU CALLED ME A FRIGHTENED RABBIT! NOBODY SAYS THAT ABOUT ME KELLOG! NOBODY!

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RAWSON! YOU'RE NOT GETTING ME INTO THIS CAR!

SAYS YOU!

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D'YOU SEE THAT WRECKED JALOPY OVER THERE, KELLOG? START WALKIN' TOWARDS IT!

I'M WARNING YOU, RAWSON! YOU'RE PLAYING WITH THE PRESS NOW, NOT ONE OF YOUR GANG FRIENDS!

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RAWSON! YOU'RE NOT GETTING ME INTO THIS CAR!

SAYS YOU!

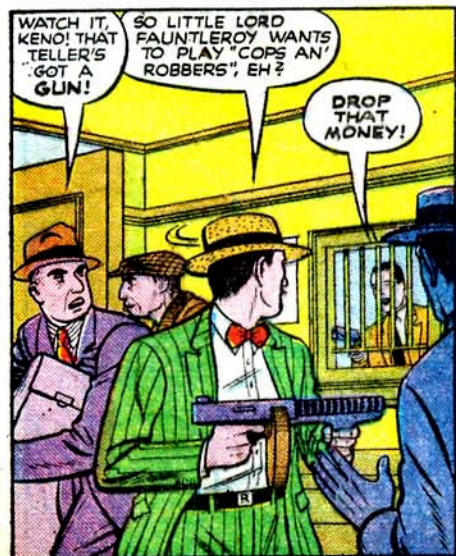
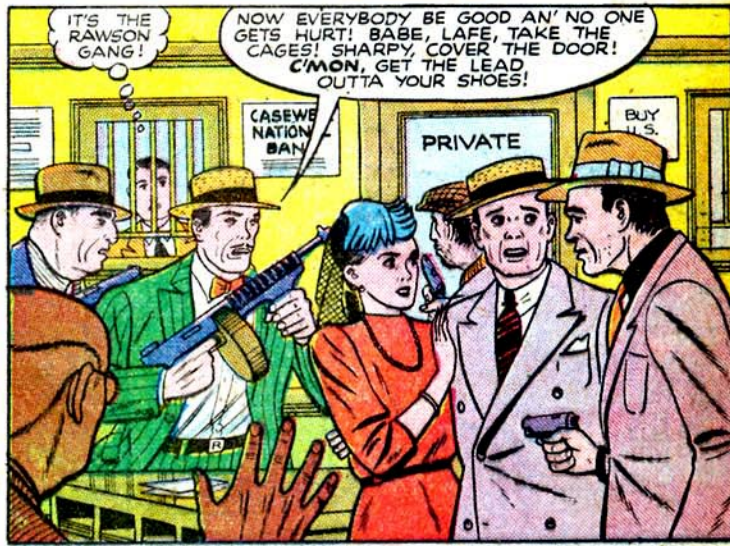
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OBEY THE LAW



OBEY THE LAW



IT WAS THE RAWSON MOB, ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF MILES! TWO OF THE WITNESSES AND A TELLER POSITIVELY IDENTIFIED THE LEADER AS BEING KENO RAWSON!

SO THE TIGER'S BREAKING OUT IN A RASH AGAIN, EH? WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIM BEFORE HE CONTAMINATES THE WHOLE STATE! SEND OUT A GENERAL ALARM! GET KENO RAWSON!



FIRST NATIONAL BANK

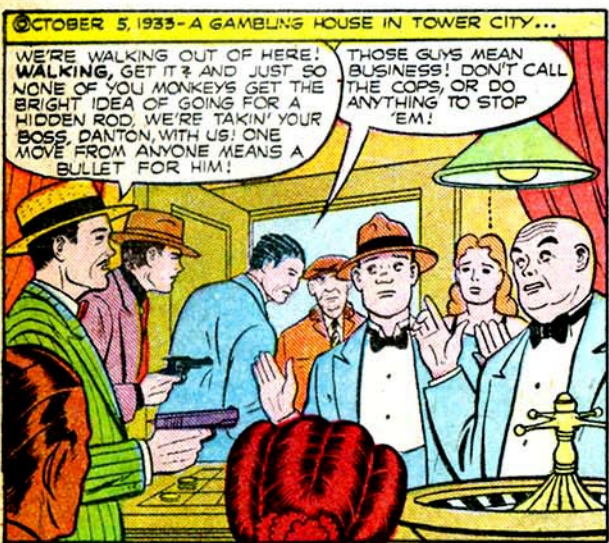
CENTRAL SAVINGS BANK

FEDERAL RESERVE BANK

19 JULY '33

19 AUGUST '33

19 SEPT. '33



OCTOBER 5, 1933-A GAMBLING HOUSE IN TOWER CITY...

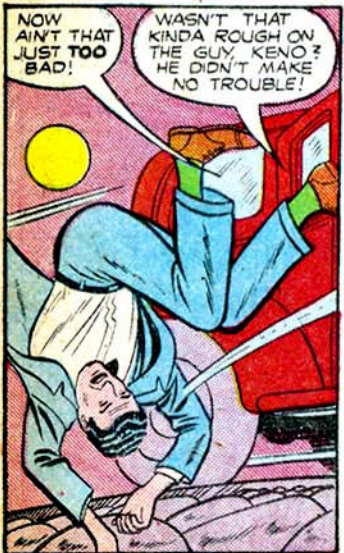
WE'RE WALKING OUT OF HERE! WALKING, GET IT? AND JUST SO NONE OF YOU MONKEYS GET THE BRIGHT IDEA OF GOING FOR A HIDDEN ROD, WE'RE TAKIN' YOUR BOSS, DANTON, WITH US! ONE MOVE FROM ANYONE MEANS A BULLET FOR HIM!

THOSE GUYS MEAN BUSINESS! DON'T CALL THE COPS, OR DO ANYTHING TO STOP 'EM!



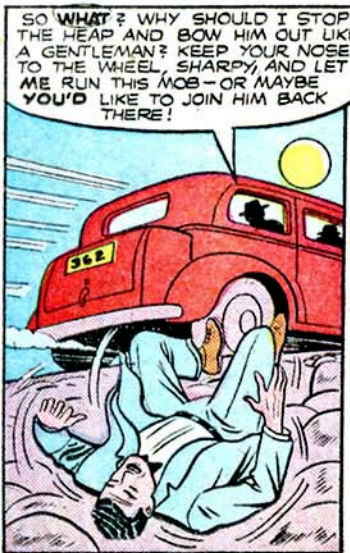
YOU WAS REAL COOPERATIVE BACK THERE, SONNY, SO NOW YOU'RE GOIN'. GET YOUR REWARD-A CHANCE TO GRASSHOPPER YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS JOY-HEAP WITH NOTHIN' WORSE THAN MAYBE A BROKEN 'N' BACK! OPEN THE DOOR, BABE!

RAWSON, PLEASE DON'T! YOU'RE GOING OVER SIXTY! IT'LL KILL ME FOR SURE!



NOW AIN'T THAT JUST TOO BAD!

WASN'T THAT KINDA ROUGH ON THE GUY, KENO? HE DIDN'T MAKE NO TROUBLE!



SO WHAT? WHY SHOULD I STOP THE HEAP AND BOW HIM OUT LIKE A GENTLEMAN? KEEP YOUR NOSE TO THE WHEEL, SHARPY, AND LET ME RUN THIS MOB-OR MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO JOIN HIM BACK THERE!



IT'S RAWSON AGAIN, SHERIFF! SOME PEOPLE AT DANTON'S PLACE, RECOGNIZED HIM!

THE DIRTY SKUNK HAS GOT TO BE STOPPED! I'M GOING TO GET THE SHERIFFS OF ALL NEARBY COUNTIES TOGETHER AT A MEETING!

OBEY THE LAW

HERE'S A LIST OF TEN COUNTIES, SERGEANT KANE—THAT THE RAWSON GANG'S BEEN USING AS THEIR PLAYGROUND FOR THE LAST FOUR MONTHS! CONTACT ALL THE SHERIFFS AND HAVE THEM MEET ME AT THE BENTON COUNTY COURTHOUSE AT NOON NEXT WEDNESDAY!



GET A LOAD OF THIS, KENO! WE'RE GETTIN' FAMOUS! IT SEEMS LIKE SHERIFF MILES CALLED A SHERIFFS' CONFERENCE AT THE BENTON COUNTY COURTHOUSE—QUOTE—'TO DEAL WITH THE NOTORIOUS RAWSON GANG!'



HOW'D YOU LIKE THAT? CALLIN' A MEETING ABOUT US AND NOT EVEN INVITING THE MAIN PARTIES CONCERNED!

HAW!

WHEN DOES THIS MEETING COME OFF, LAFE?

TOMORROW AT NOON! WHY?

YOU'LL SEE, LAFE! HAVE THE CAR READY AT TEN IN THE MORNING!



YOU ALL KNOW WHY I'VE CALLED THIS CONFERENCE, GENTLEMEN! TO DEAL WITH KENO RAWSON AND HIS MOB! I FEEL THAT IF WE ORGANIZE AND WORK CLOSELY TOGETHER, WE CAN BRING THE CAREER OF THIS ARROGANT BRAZEN HOODLUM TO A QUICKER END!

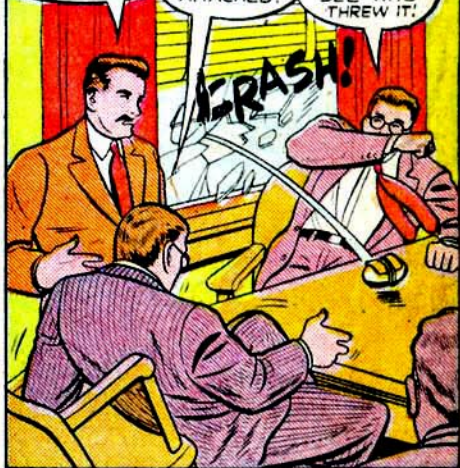
YOU'VE GOT THE RIGHT IDEA, MILES! I'M FOR IT! I THINK THESE OTHER GENTLEMEN WILL AGREE!



HAVE YOU ANY SUGGESTIONS, GENTLEM...

IT'S A STONE WITH A NOTE ATTACHED!

SOMEONE GET OUT THERE AND SEE WHO THREW IT!



WHAT'S IT SAY?

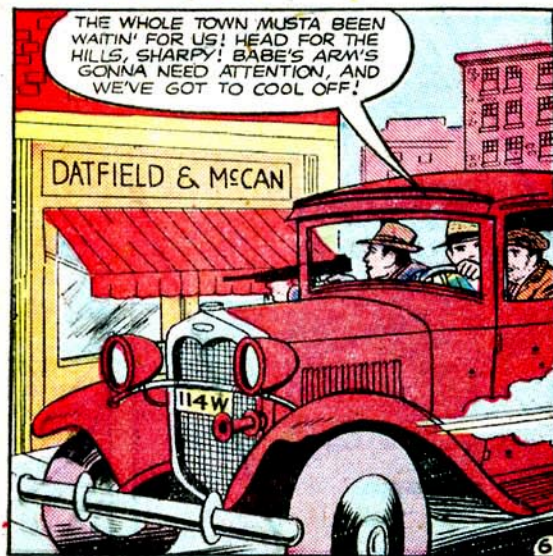
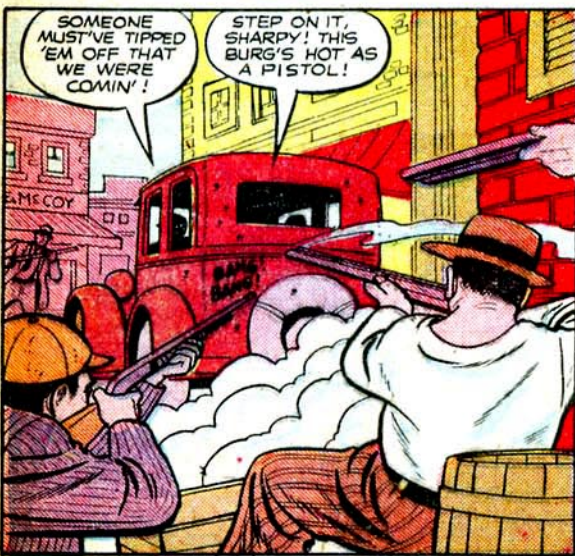
I heard you called ways and means of catching me. Buppe you go any further, here's a piece of advice! A long time ago I ordered my trapping clothes because I don't ever figure on being taken alive. I'd advise the punk lawman that tries to catch me to do the same—
Keno Rawson

WHOEVER THREW THE STONE GOT AWAY—THERE'S NO ONE OUTSIDE!

RAWSON PULLED THIS TRICK TO SHOW HIS CONTEMPT FOR LAW AND ORDER! I'M SURE HE'LL CARRY IT FURTHER, WITH ANOTHER OF HIS BRAZEN ROBBERIES! I SUGGEST THAT WE ALERT ALL BANKS IN THE VICINITY OF THAT PROBABILITY!



OBEY THE LAW



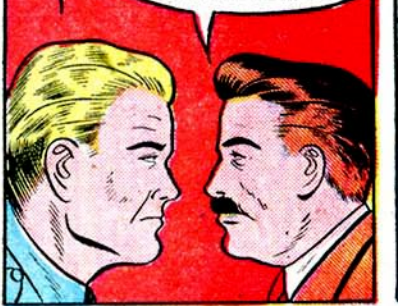
OBEY THE LAW

SEE THESE HILLS, SERGEANT? RAWSON'S HEADING FOR THEM RIGHT NOW! I'LL STAKE MY JOB ON IT! HE WON'T BE ABLE TO TAKE THAT TITUSVILLE HEAT, AND WHERE DOES HE FIGURE HE'LL BE SAFE? THE HILLS-RAWSON WILL BE COMING OUT OF THEM SOON, SERGEANT, IN HANDCUFFS!



I CERTAINLY HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, SHERIFF MILES!

I HAVE REASONS TO BELIEVE I AM, SERGEANT! ONE OF HIS MEN WAS WINGED IN THE TITUSVILLE BATTLE, AND IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN, IS IN CRYING NEED OF A DOCTOR RIGHT NOW! THE ONLY DOCTOR THEY'D DARE RISK GOING TO IS IN CROCUSVILLE-DOCTOR BURNS! HIS LICENSE WAS REVOKED IN GRAYSVILLE LAST FALL BECAUSE OF SHADY PRACTICES!



SHALL I HAVE SOME MEN PLANTED AROUND HIS HOUSE SHERIFF?

YES, I WANT TWO MEN ON TWENTY-FOUR HOUR A DAY SURVEILLANCE THERE, SERGEANT! CALL ME HERE AT MY OFFICE WHEN THE MOMENT YOU HIT PAY-DIRT! I'M HERE TO STAY TILL I CAN LOOK THROUGH THOSE BARS AND SEE RAWSON!



Ooooo... MY ARM! MY ARM!

HOLY SMOKES! WHY DON'T BABE SHUT UP? HE'S DRIVIN' ME BATTY!



BABE'S ARM'S ALL SWOLLEN UP AN' TURNIN' GREEN, KENO! WE GOTTA GET HIM TO A SAWBONES BEFORE HE CROAKS!



ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! GET THE CAR OUT, LAFE! WE'LL TAKE 'IM TO OLD DOC BURNS! HE'LL KEEP HIS MOUTH SHUT!

IT'S SERGEANT KANE CALLING FROM CROCUSVILLE, SHERIFF! RAWSON AND HIS MOB JUST WENT IN TO SEE DOC BURNS!



GOOD! THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! GET THE BOYS READY QUICK! WE'LL SURROUND THE PLACE!

WE'VE GOT THE HOUSE COVERED, SHERIFF!

OKAY, SERGEANT! PUT YOUR MEN ON THE ALERT! I'M GOING TO GIVE RAWSON HIS CHANCE TO SURRENDER!



I FIXED UP THE ARM, KENO! I'M GLAD TO REPORT THAT HE'LL....

ATTENTION, KENO RAWSON! SHERIFF MILES SPEAKING! WE HAVE THIS HOUSE COVERED FROM ALL SIDES! YOU'VE GOT EXACTLY TWO MINUTES TO COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR! YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE-I REPEAT, TWO MINUTES!



WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO? YOU KNOW MILES, KENO! HE'S JUST ITCHIN' FOR AN EXCUSE TO BLAST US!

SHUT UP, AN' LET ME THINK FOR A SECOND!



ONE MINUTE, RAWSON!

OBEY THE LAW

HE WANTS US OUT WITH OUR HANDS UP, EH? OKAY, WE'LL DO IT! BABE, DOC, GET OVER THERE BY THAT DOOR! WHEN I GIVE THE WORD, GO THROUGH IT WITH YOUR MITTS UP! LAFE, SHARPY, WE'LL FOLLOW 'EM CLOSE AND TRY FOR A BREAK!

YOU'RE CRAZY, KENO - YOU DON'T STAND A CHANCE!

BUT KENO...

...SORRY, BABE, BUT IT'S YOU OR US! GET GOING, OR I'LL GIVE IT TO YOU RIGHT HERE! ALL RIGHT, DOC, OPEN UP THAT DOOR!

FIFTEEN SECONDS!

ALL RIGHT, MILES, WE'RE COMING OUT! DON'T SHOOT! HERE'S OUR GUNS!

I'LL MOVE UP AND COVER 'EM CLOSE, SHERIFF!

BE CAREFUL, SERGEANT!



THIS IS IT, GUYS! IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!

LOOK OUT! THEY'VE GOT MORE GUNS!



I'M HIT!

HOLD IT, COPPERS! I GIVE UP!



HOLD YOUR FIRE, MEN! THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE, RAWSON!



ALL RIGHT, SERGEANT KANE!



HE DOESN'T LOOK MUCH LIKE A TIGER NOW, DOES HE, SHERIFF?

HE NEVER WAS, SERGEANT! HE'S JUST AN ORDINARY ALLEY CAT!



KENO DIED ON THE SPOT! BABE SIMPSON, LAFE JACKSON AND SHARPY EVANS RECOVERED FROM THEIR WOUNDS TO STAND TRIAL...

JAMES SIMPSON, LAFE JACKSON AND GEORGE EVANS, I SENTENCE YOU TO DEATH IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, ON THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 5TH 1934! TAKE THEM AWAY!



FURTHER PROOF THAT... CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

THE END

SPEAK UP!**\$2⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$2⁰⁰**

In every issue of CRIME AND PUNISHMENT this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas and suggestions. Since the conception of CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

I wish to extend to you my sincere congratulations on your splendid publication, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. Not only is it a tremendous influence in eradicating crime by showing the disgrace and misery which criminals bring to themselves and their families, but it also gives deserving credit to our law enforcement agencies in their relentless struggle against enemies of society.

Sincerely yours, Joseph Koval
1456 McDonald St., Regina, Sask.

You are to be congratulated on your fine magazine. By portraying crime and its inevitable harvest of heartaches, you are doing a great deal toward shaping the morals of the youth of the country.

Earle M. Reynolds
Odom, Georgia

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT has achieved much in vividly pointing out the impossibility of successful crimes. My husband, young son and I all read it regularly. I believe its lessons, being so graphic, register more clearly in young minds than a mother's preaching that Crime Does Not Pay.

Sincerely, Mrs. Rita LeBlanc
432 Pine St., Sudbury, Ontario

At my home we all fight to read CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. Mom and Dad both say it is a very good magazine for us to read, and that if more people would read CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, there would be less crime in the world

today. Congratulations on the great job you are doing to eradicate crime.

Dolores Venute
82 Leverett St., Boston, Mass.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT is a beneficial and constructive aid to my two boys' behavior. By putting examples of the futility of crime and its never-failing punishment before them, they have come to realize that they should and shall be good citizens. I'm sure other children realize this, too, from reading CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

Mrs. William R. Curtis
1204 E. 7th St., National City, Calif.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT is one of the most important magazines published because its aim is to point out that Crime Does Not Pay. From reading about the mistakes of people who have failed to realize this fact, we are taught that injustice done against one's fellow man must be and always is punished.

Sincerely, Ruth M. Tolson
P.O. Box, Langston, Oklahoma

My dad, who is a State Highway Patrolman, and myself want to congratulate you on publishing such a fine magazine as CRIME AND PUNISHMENT. We like it so much that we are making a personal collection of all the issues.

A regular reader, Ricky Richbeurg
107 River Road, Ashley Forest
Charleston, S. C.

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc. We reserve the right to edit same and use for all purposes. Address all letters to "Speak Up," CRIME AND PUNISHMENT, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, New York.

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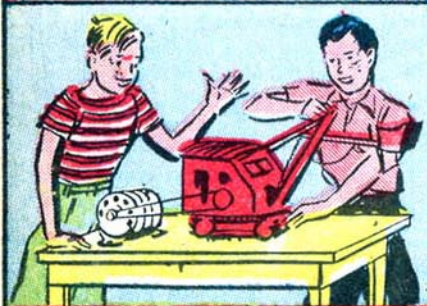
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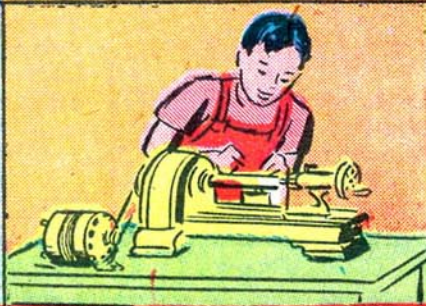
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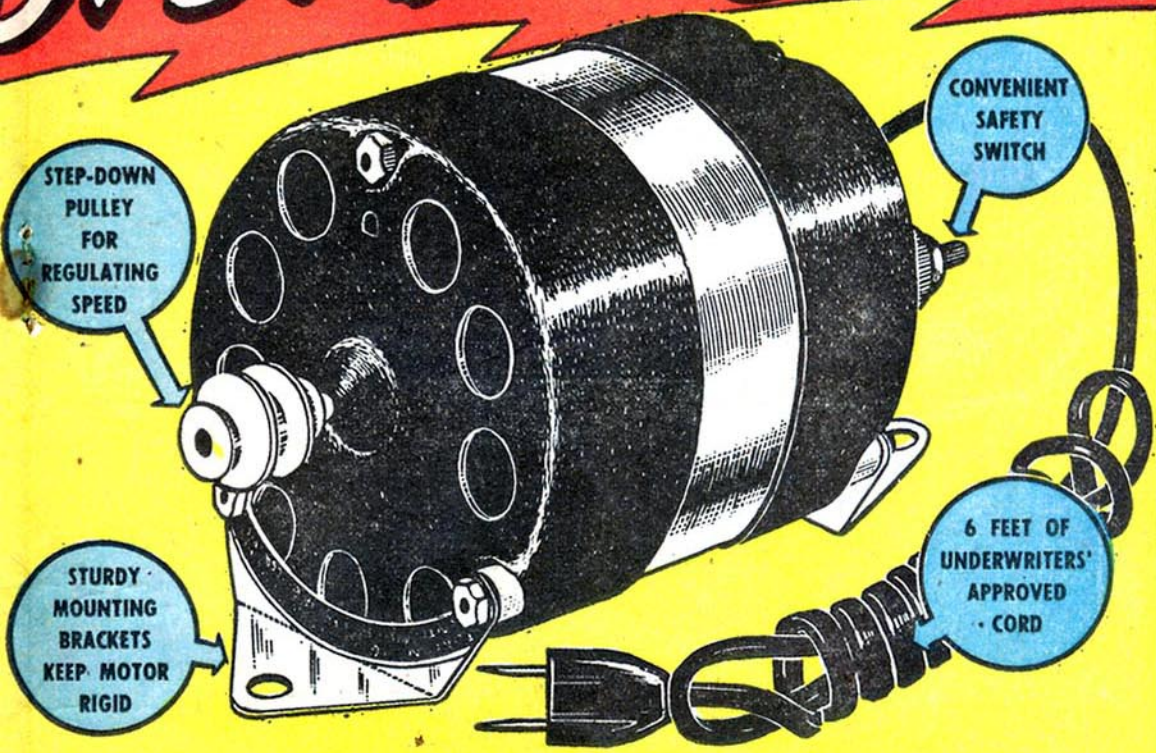


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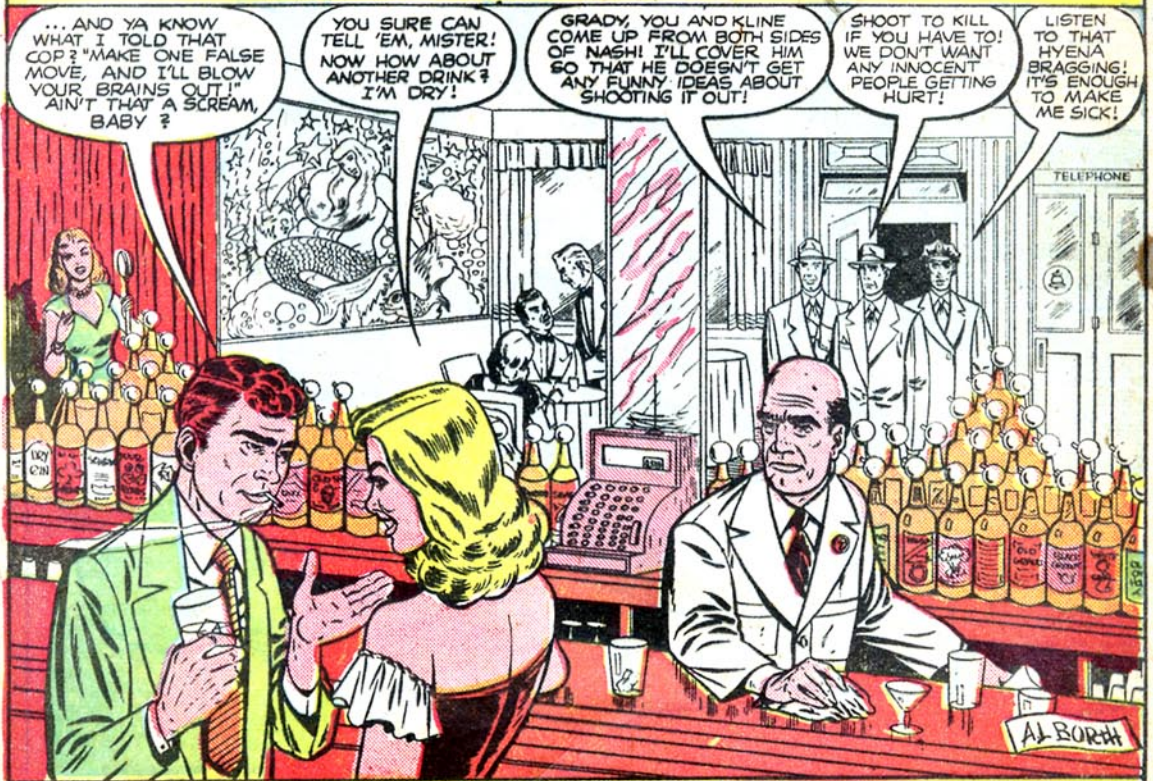
(Please print name and address clearly)

DEDICATED TO THE ERADICATION OF CRIME

A TRUE CRIME STORY

DWIGHT NASH and MAX WATERS

IT WAS A FORGED IDENTIFICATION BADGE WHICH LED TO THE CAPTURE OF THESE TWO RATS, WHO HAD PULLED A \$110,000 STICK-UP!



... AND YA KNOW WHAT I TOLD THAT COP? "MAKE ONE FALSE MOVE, AND I'LL BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!" AIN'T THAT A SCREAM, BABY?

YOU SURE CAN TELL 'EM, MISTER! NOW HOW ABOUT ANOTHER DRINK? I'M DRY!

GRADY, YOU AND KLINE COME UP FROM BOTH SIDES OF NASH! I'LL COVER HIM SO THAT HE DOESN'T GET ANY FUNNY IDEAS ABOUT SHOOTING IT OUT!

SHOOT TO KILL IF YOU HAVE TO! WE DON'T WANT ANY INNOCENT PEOPLE GETTING HURT!

LISTEN TO THAT HYENA BRAGGING! IT'S ENOUGH TO MAKE ME SICK!

IN 1945, ON THE WEST COAST, TWO MEN, DWIGHT NASH AND MAX WATERS, ENGINEERED THE LARGEST STICKUP IN THAT REGION'S HISTORY, — \$110,000 IN COLD CASH! ONE CLUE TO THEIR IDENTITY WAS A FORGED DEFENSE PLANT IDENTIFICATION BADGE! COULD SHREWD F.B.I. AGENTS MAKE THAT BADGE TALK AND REVEAL ITS ORIGINAL NUMBER BEFORE THE BANDITS COULD ESCAPE?

AUGUST 31, 1945, —PAY DAY TO THE DEFENSE WORKERS IN THE KINGWAY AIRCRAFT PLANT...



I'M SURE GLAD THE TRAFFIC WAS LIGHT THIS MORNING, WILL WE MADE GOOD TIME! I WAS AWFULLY NERVOUS CARRYING THIS BIG PAYROLL! THEY SHOULD HAVE USED AN ARMORED CAR FOR THIS JOB!

I WAS JITTERY TOO, PETE! I HAD MY '38 HANDY ALL THE TIME!



WHAT'S A COP DOING OUTSIDE HERE? I NEVER CAN KEEP UP WITH THESE CHANGING SECURITY REGULATIONS!



HEY, OFFICER, IS SOMETHING WRONG? WE'RE THE PAYROLL MESSENGERS!

WE KNOW—THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE! NOW DON'T GET SMART AND MAKE ANY FUNNY MOVES WITH THAT GUN! JUST DROP IT, AND THEN CLIMB OUT, AND BE QUIET ABOUT IT!

OBEY THE LAW



THAT WAS SMART, BRIGHT BOYS! NOW GET INTO THE BACK SEAT! DON'T TALK, GET DOWN ON THE FLOOR, AND KEEP YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEADS! MOVE!



IF YOU'VE GOT ANY MORE OF THOSE PEASHOOTERS, GIVE 'EM UP, BOYS!

BETTER DO WHAT HE SAYS, FELLOWS, OR HE'LL KILL YOU! HE DON'T KID AROUND!



THIS IS AS GOOD A SPOT AS ANY! THEY WON'T BE FOUND SO SOON WAY OUT HERE!

NOW, WHEN I TELL YA TO GET OUT, KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN, AND YOUR EYES CLOSED! TRY ANYTHING, AND YOUR WIDOWS WILL BE COLLECTING YOUR INSURANCE!



OW! HEY GO EASY ON THAT ADHESIVE TAPE!

LISTEN TO HIM, WILL YA! THE FRIGHTENED BOY COMPLAINED BECAUSE THE TAPE HURTS HIM! I WONDER WHAT HE'D SAY TO A .45 SLUG...

OKAY, YOU- DOWN ON YOUR STOMACH!



JUST A LITTLE POISON IVY FELLA, IT WON'T HURT YOU!



THEY'RE GONE! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, WILL?

MY HEART WAS IN MY MOUTH ALL THE TIME! THOSE BOYS ARE KILLERS!

MAYBE I CAN RUB THE TAPE OFF AGAINST THE BARK OF THIS TREE! I'LL AT LEAST BE ABLE TO SEE!



OUCH! THERE, THAT'S IT! I CAN SEE OUTTA ONE EYE, ANYHOW! THAT BARK ALMOST RUBBED HALF MY FACE AWAY WITH IT!

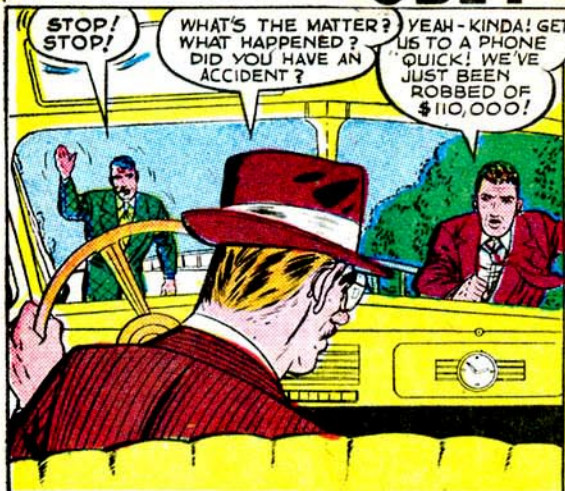
I'VE GOT A KNIFE, PETE! IF YOU TELL ME HOW TO MOVE, I'LL COME CLOSE TO YOU, AND PERHAPS YOU CAN GET IT FROM MY POCKET!



THERE NOW! JUST AS SOON AS I UNTIE THESE ROPES ON MY FEET, I'LL GET YOU LOOSE! IF WE HURRY, THERE'S STILL A CHANCE THE POLICE WILL PICK THEM UP BEFORE THEY DITCH OUR CAR!

IF WE'RE LUCKY ENOUGH TO STOP A CAR WAY OUT HERE! THOSE GUYS SURE PLANNED THIS SO THERE'D BE NO HITCH! HURRY UP, PETE!

OBEY THE LAW



STOP!
STOP!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?
WHAT HAPPENED?
DID YOU HAVE AN
ACCIDENT?

YEAH-KINDA! GET
US TO A PHONE
QUICK! WE'VE
JUST BEEN
ROBBED OF
\$110,000!



YOU HEARD THE DESCRIPTION,
GRADY! SEND OUT AN ALARM
AT ONCE!

WELL, INSPECTOR
JUDD, I'M ALMOST
POSITIVE ONE OF
THE MEN WORE A
KINGWAY
PLANT BADGE!
MAYBE HE
WORKS
THERE!

NOW THEN, WAS THERE
ANYTHING ELSE THAT YOU NOTICED?
ANYTHING AT ALL, NO MATTER HOW
UNIMPORTANT IT MAY SEEM! WE'RE
AFTER TWO VERY SMART BANDITS
AND WE'LL NEED EVERY CLUE
WE CAN GET TO RUN THEM
DOWN! THINK HARD!



WE CAN CHECK THAT BY TAKING YOU
TWO OUT TO THE PLANT AND
LETTING YOU SEE PHOTOS OF ALL
THE EMPLOYEES! ON ANYWAY, IT'S
SOMETHING TO GO ON!

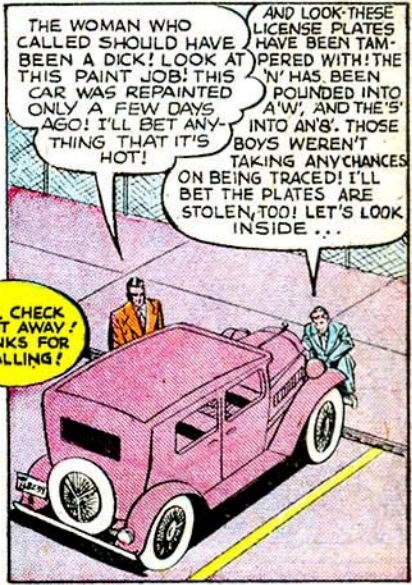
THE
LOS ANGELES
POLICE JUST CALLED.
THAT COP'S UNIFORM
USED IN THE ROBBERY
WAS STOLEN FROM
A DRY-CLEANERS
THERE!

GOOD,
GRADY!
EXCUSE ME
A MINUTE!



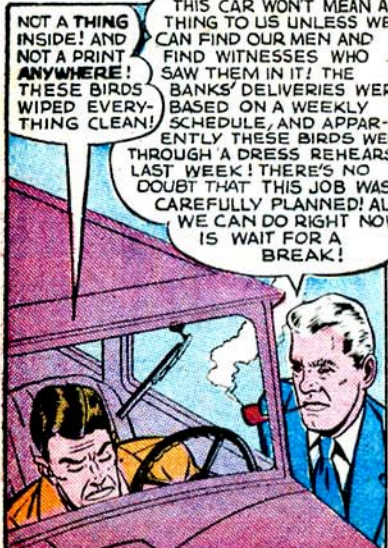
INSPECTOR, THIS IS MRS.
MABLE RAINE—I WORK AT THE
FACTORY AND JUST HEARD
ABOUT THE ROBBERY! I THINK
MAYBE I CAN HELP! THERE'S A
1930 MODEL 'A' TUDOR SEDAN
STANDING IN THE PARKING LOT
NEXT TO THE KINGWAY PLANT!
IT'S BEEN THERE EVER SINCE
7 THIS MORNING WHEN I
WENT TO WORK! LAST WEEK
ON PAY DAY IT WAS ALSO THERE
—WITH TWO MEN IN IT!

WE'LL CHECK
IT RIGHT AWAY!
THANKS FOR
CALLING!



THE WOMAN WHO
CALLED SHOULD HAVE
BEEN A DICK! LOOK AT
THIS PAINT JOB! THIS
CAR WAS REPAINTED
ONLY A FEW DAYS
AGO! I'LL BET ANY-
THING THAT IT'S
HOT!

AND LOOK—THESE
LICENSE PLATES
HAVE BEEN TAM-
PERED WITH! THE
'N' HAS BEEN
POUNDED INTO
A 'W', AND THE 'S'
INTO AN '8'. THOSE
BOYS WEREN'T
TAKING ANY CHANCES
ON BEING TRACED! I'LL
BET THE PLATES ARE
STOLEN, TOO! LET'S LOOK
INSIDE ...



NOT A THING
INSIDE! AND
NOT A PRINT
ANYWHERE!
THESE BIRDS
WIPED EVERY-
THING CLEAN!

THIS CAR WON'T MEAN A
THING TO US UNLESS WE
CAN FIND OUR MEN AND
FIND WITNESSES WHO
SAW THEM IN IT! THE
BANKS' DELIVERIES WERE
BASED ON A WEEKLY
SCHEDULE, AND APPAR-
ENTLY THESE BIRDS WENT
THROUGH A DRESS REHEARSAL
LAST WEEK! THERE'S NO
DOUBT THAT THIS JOB WAS
CAREFULLY PLANNED! ALL
WE CAN DO RIGHT NOW
IS WAIT FOR A
BREAK!



MEANWHILE, THE BREAK THAT INSPECTOR
JUDD WAS HOPING FOR, WAS ALREADY
TAKING PLACE ...

WHAT
A SOCK!

ATTABOY,
JOHNNY!
IT'S A
HOMER!

WHO SAID
HE CAN'T
HIT LEFTY
PITCHIN'?

THAT CLOUT'S
HEADED FOR
THE GARAGE!



AW, RATS! —IT'S
HEADED RIGHT FOR
THAT HOLE IN
THE GARAGE
DOOR!

OBEY THE LAW



"WHEW? THIS IS A TIGHT SQUEEZE! I'M GLAD MA DIDN'T SEE ME! SHE'D GIVE ME A BEATIN' FOR GOIN' INTO SOMEONE ELSE'S GARAGE! BOY OH BOY, LOOK AT THOSE SACKS! WONDER WHAT'S IN 'EM??"



(GASP) GOSH, IT'S MONEY! SACKS FULL! MAYBE THE MAN WHO OWNS IT IS A BANK ROBBER OR SOMETHIN'! I'D BETTER TELL MOM!



AND YOU SAY MRS. HOFFE, THAT YOU RENTED THE GARAGE THREE MONTHS AGO TO A TALL THIN MAN? THAT'S RIGHT, INSPECTOR JUDD, AND I THOUGHT IT WAS A LITTLE FUNNY AT THE TIME, BECAUSE THEY DIDN'T KEEP A CAR THERE, BUT I THOUGHT MAYBE THEY WOULD USE IT FOR STORING SOME THINGS!



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT, INSPECTOR JUDD! THESE SACKS ARE PART OF THE ROBBERY LOOT! OFF HAND I'D SAY WE'VE RECOVERED ALL THE COINS - ABOUT \$3,000!

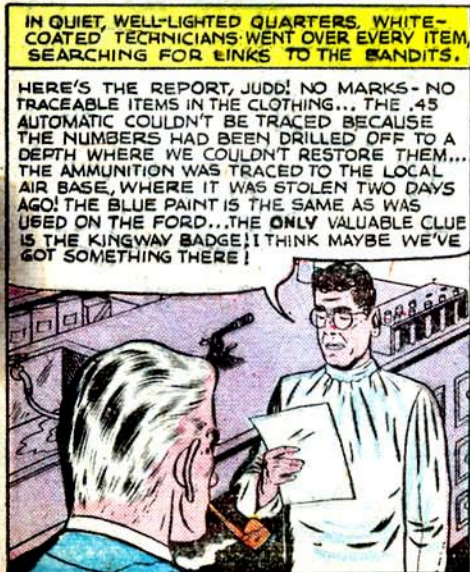
BUT WAIT TILL YOU GET A LOOK AT THE OTHER STUFF THAT WE FOUND! GUNS, AMMO, A POLICE SERGEANT'S UNIFORM, SOME BLUE PAINT LIKE THE CAR WAS PAINTED WITH - AND A KINGWAY BADGE! THERE OUGHT TO BE SOMETHING TO IDENTIFY 'EM WITH HERE!

THE MAN HAD A HEAVY BEARD - IT WAS DARK OUT AND I COULDN'T SEE HIS FEATURES TOO WELL, BUT I'D KNOW HIM IF I SAW HIM AGAIN!



GRADY - POST A POLICE GUARD AROUND THE PLACE AND HAVE IT KEPT UNDER CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE! THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE THESE BOYS WILL BE BACK AGAIN! THEN TAKE EVERYTHING TO THE FBI LAB AND LET THEM SEE WHAT THEY CAN FIND! THERE OUGHT TO BE AT LEAST ONE GOOD CLUE IN ALL THAT STUFF!

RIGHT SARGE!



IN QUIET, WELL-LIGHTED QUARTERS, WHITE-COATED TECHNICIANS WENT OVER EVERY ITEM, SEARCHING FOR LINKS TO THE BANDITS.

HERE'S THE REPORT, JUDD! NO MARKS - NO TRACEABLE ITEMS IN THE CLOTHING... THE .45 AUTOMATIC COULDN'T BE TRACED BECAUSE THE NUMBERS HAD BEEN DRILLED OFF TO A DEPTH WHERE WE COULDN'T RESTORE THEM... THE AMMUNITION WAS TRACED TO THE LOCAL AIR BASE, WHERE IT WAS STOLEN TWO DAYS AGO! THE BLUE PAINT IS THE SAME AS WAS USED ON THE FORD... THE ONLY VALUABLE CLUE IS THE KINGWAY BADGE! I THINK MAYBE WE'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE!



THE BADGE IS MADE OF A METAL BACK AND A CELLOPHANE COVER! UNDER THE MAGNIFYING GLASS YOU CAN SEE KNIFE-EDGED SLITS ON THE PAPER FOIL! THE ORIGINAL CENTER HAS BEEN CUT OUT AND A PIECE OF PLAIN, WHITE PAPER WAS SUBSTITUTED! HERE, HAVE A LOOK!



SAY THESE NUMBERS AREN'T PRINTED WITH THE USUAL METAL TYPE! THEY'VE BEEN DRAWN ON WITH A BLACK CRAYON OR GREASE PENCIL!

IT'S A FORGERY ALL RIGHT! THE NUMBERS WERE LETTERED ON WITH A VERY SOFT PENCIL!

OBEY THE LAW

YES, THAT NUMBER BELONGS TO TOM RANDALL OF THE DRAFTING DEPARTMENT - THAT'S WHAT THE 'D' IS FOR! BUT I'M AFRAID YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, INSPECTOR! MY RECORDS SHOW HE WAS AT WORK ALL DAY THE DAY OF THE ROBBERY!

THAT LETS HIM OUT, BUT I'LL STAKE MY CAREER THAT THERE IS SOMETHING TO BE GAINED FROM THIS BADGE - SOMETHING I'VE OVERLOOKED! AND THE ONLY THING TO DO IS START AT THE BEGINNING! I'LL CHECK THE BADGE-MAKING DEPARTMENT FIRST!

SOMEWHERE IN THIS ROOM IS THE CLUE THAT WILL LEAD ME TO THE ORIGINAL NUMBER ON THAT BADGE - THE ONE THAT WAS HERE BEFORE IT WAS TAKEN OUT AND THE NEW ONE LETTERED IN!

THOSE MACHINES STAMP THE NUMBERS AWFULLY HARD-HARD ENOUGH FOR AN IMPRESSION TO REMAIN ON THE METAL BACK! MAYBE TOO INVISIBLE FOR THE HUMAN EYE TO SEE, BUT NOT FOR THE LATEST TECHNIQUES THEY USE IN THE WASHINGTON LAB! ANYHOW IT'S WORTH A TRY! I'LL MAIL THAT BADGE RIGHT AWAY!

WHAM

INSPECTOR JUDD'S HUNCH WAS CORRECT! IN WASHINGTON, UNDER ULTRA-VIOLET LIGHT RAYS, FAINT LINES BEGAN TO APPEAR...

THE ORIGINAL IMPRESSION IS STARTING TO COME OUT! GET THE CAMERA SET UP FOR A PICTURE, SO WE CAN SEND THAT REPORT OUT TONIGHT.

I KNEW THAT BADGE WAS THE WHOLE KEY TO THE CASE! COME ON, PAT! LET'S PAY A VISIT TO THE KINGWAY PLANT AGAIN AND SEE WHO NUMBER 8038A IS!

WESTERN UNION
LOS ANGELES
DUE TO PERSONAL BUSINESS
KORBER, PAUL
LAB EXAM OF 5/21/44
SUBMITTED TO BU
DISCLOSES NUMBER
8038A AS ORIGINAL
IDENTIFICATION.

HERE ARE THE RECORDS, INSPECTOR! THAT BADGE WAS ISSUED TO DWIGHT NASH, AGE 26, WHO WAS EMPLOYED IN OUR ASSEMBLY LINE FROM JAN. THROUGH JUNE OF 1944! I CAN GIVE YOU HIS NAME AND ADDRESS, AND ALSO THE ADDRESS OF MAX WATERS, AGE 30, WHO HAD WORKED HERE AT THE SAME TIME! THEY ROOMED TOGETHER

TOO BAD I ONLY LOOKED AT THE PICTURES OF PRESENT EMPLOYEES AND NOT THOSE WHO HAD QUIT, OR WE WOULD HAVE SPOTTED THEM DAYS AGO! LET ME HAVE THOSE PHOTOS, AND I'LL HAVE THE BANK MESSENGRERS AND MRS. HOFFE TAKE A GANDER AT THEM

SURE, I RECOGNIZE THEM! THIS GUY, NASH, WORE THE COPS UNIFORM - AND THAT'S THE THIN ONE, THE GUY WHO WORE CIVVIES! BUT IT SURE BEATS ME HOW YOU GUYS CAUGHT UP WITH 'EM SO QUICK!

THAT'S THEM, ALL RIGHT! I'D STAKE MY LIFE ON IT!

THE ONE ON THE LEFT IS THE MAN WHO RENTED MY GARAGE!

THAT'S IT OVER THERE, JUDD - NO. 345 UNIVERSITY AVE. WELL I'LL BE - IT LOOKS AS THOUGH OUR BOYS WERE LIVING IN A DORMITORY - BUT HOW COULD THAT BE?

THE UNIVERSITY SOMETIMES RENTS OUT DORM ROOMS WHEN THEY ARE NOT FILLED UP! CHANCES ARE THEY CHECKED OUT AFTER THE ROBBERY!

OBHEY THE LAW

NASH AND WATERS? WHY THEY CLEARED OUT YESTERDAY—IN A HURRY! SAID THEY WERE DRIVING TO IDAHO TO SEE A GRANDFATHER WHO HAD SUDDENLY BEEN TAKEN ILL, BUT THEY TOLD ME THEY'D BE BACK, AND TO HOLD THEIR ROOM AND CLOTHING FOR THEM!

I'M INSPECTOR JUDD! I THINK WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THE ROOM! MAYBE WE CAN LEARN WHERE THEY WENT FROM SOMETHING THEY LEFT BEHIND!

HERE'S A RING OF KEYS, AND I'LL BET ONE OF THEM FITS THE WOMAN'S GARAGE DOOR—AND SAY, CHIEF, HERE'S THE CENTER OF THE ORIGINAL KINGWAY BADGE! YOU'D THINK THEY'D GOTTEN RID OF IT!

THAT ONLY PROVES THAT THE SMARTEST CRIMINAL IS TOO DUMB TO REALIZE THAT HE CAN'T BEAT THE LAW! I DON'T THINK THESE GUYS WILL BE BACK! WE'D BEST GO DOWN TO THE OFFICE AND SEE WHAT THEY WROTE ON THEIR RECORDS—HOME ADDRESSES AND SUCH!

HERE ARE THE HOME ADDRESSES THEY GAVE, INSPECTOR! FROM WHAT YOU TELL ME I'M INCLINED TO BELIEVE THEY WON'T RETURN!

THANKS FOR GIVING US THEIR HOME ADDRESSES! WE'LL CHECK THEM, BUT FIRST, WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO SOME OF THE STUDENTS HERE!

WHILE IT WAS TRUE THAT THE SUSPECTS' PRINTS HAD NOT BEEN FOUND ON EITHER THE ABANDONED GUNS OR THE BANK CAR, THE DETAILED PLANNING THAT HAD GONE INTO THEIR CRIME WAS NOW SERVING TO BETRAY THEM, STEP BY STEP...

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE ROBBERY, WATERS TOLD ME HE WAS SICK AND WAS GOING TO STAY IN BED ALL THE NEXT DAY!

I SAW NASH ALTERING THE NUMBERS ON HIS LICENSE PLATES, BUT HE LAUGHED IT OFF AND SAID IT WAS A JOKE ON A BUDDY OF HIS!

NASH AND WATERS WERE ALWAYS TALKIN' ABOUT HOW SMART GUYS COULD AVOID LEAVING THEIR HANDS WITH CHEMICALS! THEY WERE NILTS ON THE SUBJECT OF CRIME!

I'VE NOTIFIED POLICE IN BOTH NASH'S AND WATERS' HOME TOWNS TO BE ON THE ALERT, AND I'VE GOT THEIR PICTURES READY FOR DISTRIBUTION! JUDD, THIS SEARCH IS SPREADING FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC AND FROM CANADA TO MEXICO!

SWELL, BUT GRADY, I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT THOSE BANDITS ARE RIGHT HERE UNDER OUR NOSES! THIS IS AS GOOD A SPOT AS ANY TO SPEND SOME OF THAT MONEY THEY GRABBED! WE'D BETTER DOUBLE THE AGENTS OUT WATCHING THE NIGHT SPOTS AND HOTELS!

WHAT'LL IT BE NEXT, BABY? WINE FROM THE SUN KISSED SHORES OF CALIFORNIA, OR THE INTOXICATING CHAMPAGNE THAT BRINGS THE MYSTERIES OF THE NILE INTO THIS DINGY, SMOKE-FILLED EMPORIUM?

I'LL SETTLE FOR THE MYSTERIES OF THE NILE, BIG BOY!

IT'S HARD TO BE SURE—WORKING FROM AN OLD PHOTO, BUT IT RESEMBLES HIM, AND HE'S SPLOTTING OFF LIKE AN OLD MAID WITH A SECRET! HELLO—HEADQUARTERS!

EIGHT MINUTES LATER

WE'RE FEDERAL AGENTS, FELLA, DONT MAKE A MOVE!

HUH? WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH ME?

CUT IT! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

I'M FRANK WELLS FROM PORTLAND, OREGON! YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELVES! JUST LOOK IN MY WALLET!

I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM IN... DAYS... I... I MEAN... I DON'T KNOW ANYONE BY THAT...

YEAH, WHAT'S THIS, A HAM SANDWICH? OKAY, NASH, WATERS? MAX WATERS?

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR US, NASH! YOU GOT CAUGHT BY YOUR OWN TONGUE! LET'S GO!

OBEY THE LAW

KLING, YOU KEEP HIM COVERED! IF NASH WENT TO THE TROUBLE OF GIVING HIS FAKE IDENTIFICATION, I'VE GOT A HUNCH THAT WATERS MIGHT HAVE DONE THE SAME THING, AND IS NEAR BY! LET'S LOOK FOR A CAR WITH OREGON PLATES!



YOU'RE NUTS! I'M NOT NASH, AND I DON'T KNOW ANY GUY NAMED WATERS!

WE'VE CHECKED EVERY CAR AROUND HERE AND THAT BUICK'S THE ONLY ONE WITH OREGON PLATES! WHAT DO YOU THINK, STEVE?



I ALWAYS HATE TO MAKE A FALSE PINCH! BUT THAT GUY FITS THE GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF WATERS, AT LEAST IN THE DARK, AND HE SEEMS TO BE WAITING FOR SOMEONE! LET'S CLOSE IN!



WE'RE FEDERAL OFFICERS - DON'T MOVE - WATERS!

HE SAID 'DON'T MOVE! UP WITH YOUR HANDS!'

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU GUYS? I WAS JUST WAITING FOR THE GUY I HITCHED A RIDE FROM TO COME OUT! HE'S IN THERE!



NO, HE'S IN OUR CAR WAITING FOR A FREE RIDE TO F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS AS SOON AS YOU JOIN HIM!

WELL, WHAT O'YA KNOW! THIS IS WHAT HE WAS REACHING FOR - A METAL SPUNT FOR A FRACTURED ARM, WITH A .45 INSIDE IT!



YES, THAT'S THE MAN WHO RENTED MY GARAGE!

THE ONE ON THE RIGHT WORE THE POLICE UNIFORM!

AND WATERS IS THE ONE WHO WORE THE CIVVIES!



DWIGHT NASH AND MAX WATERS, FOR YOUR PARTS IN THE KINGWAY PAYROLL ROBBERY, YOU ARE BOTH SENTENCED TO SERVE FROM TWENTY TO FORTY YEARS IN THE STATE PENITENTIARY!



SMILE, BOYS! THE EDITOR WANTS A GOOD PICTURE!

WHAT ABOUT THE HUNDRED GRAND? ARE YOU GONNA TELL WHERE YOU HID IT?

TWENTY TO FORTY YEARS IN A RAT HOLE! WHY THE DOUGH WOULD BE ROTTEN BY THEN FROM THE RAIN AND SNOW! AND I THOUGHT IT WAS SMART TO HIDE IT IN THE GROUND! IF I DON'T ESCAPE, IT'LL JUST BE MUTILATED PAPER IN TWENTY YEARS! I'VE GOT TO ESCAPE - BUT HOW?



LUCKY FOR ME THEY SENT MAX TO ANOTHER PRISON, OR THERE'D BE ANOTHER GUARD ALONG! IF I CAN ONLY SLUG THIS GUY, THERE'S A CHANCE I COULD GET OFF AT THE NEXT STOP AND MAKE MY WAY BACK TO WHERE WE BURIED THE MOOLA! IT'S NOW OR NEVER! ONCE THOSE BARS SLAM SHUT, LITTLE DWIGHT WILL BE OUTTA LUCK!

LAST CALL FOR DINNER! LAST CALL FOR DINNER!

HEY, NASH, THAT'S US! IF YOU PROMISE TO KEEP BEIN' A GOOD BOY, I'LL TAKE YOUR HAND-CUFFS OFF!

HUH? OH, SURE! THANKS!

OBEY THE LAW



IS THAT BETTER? I HATE TO SEE ANY MAN HANDICAPPED WHEN IT COMES TO A T-BONE STEAK!

THANKS, COPPER! YOU'VE BEEN GOOD TO ME, AND I WON'T FORGET IT!



THANKS FOR THE CHANCE FATHEAD! EAT HEARTY!



THAT MAN'S A PRISONER!

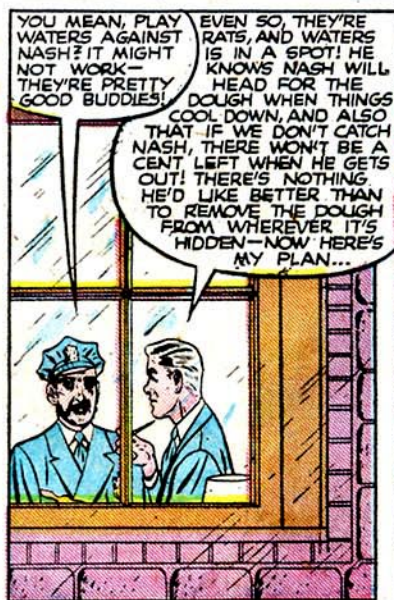
HE KNOCKED OUT HIS GUARD AND STOLE HIS GUN!

STOP HIM, SOMEBODY!



NOT A WORD ON NASH SINCE HE JUMPED OFF THAT TRAIN! IT'S A WONDER THE FALL DIDN'T KILL HIM!

ONE THING YOU CAN BE SURE OF—HE'S HEADED FOR WHEREVER THEY HID THAT HUNDRED GRAND! HE CAN'T GET FAR WITHOUT MONEY—THAT'S WHY I'M GOING TO PLAY MY ACE CARD IN THIS DEAL—MAX WATERS!



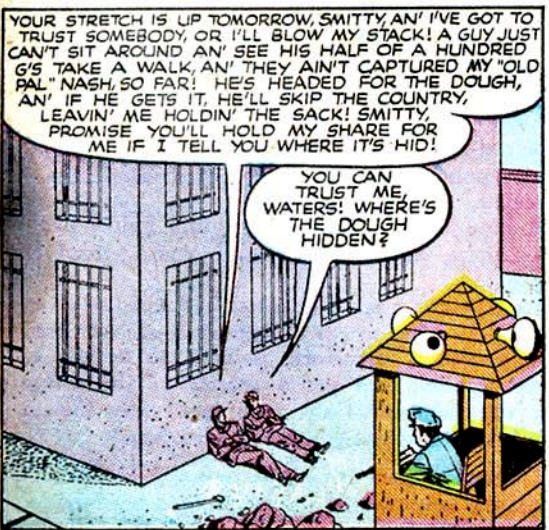
YOU MEAN, PLAY WATERS AGAINST NASH? IT MIGHT NOT WORK—THEY'RE PRETTY GOOD BUDDIES!

EVEN SO, THEY'RE COOL DOWN, AND ALSO THAT IF WE DON'T CATCH NASH, THERE WON'T BE A CENT LEFT WHEN HE GETS OUT! THERE'S NOTHING HE'D LIKE BETTER THAN TO REMOVE THE DOUGH FROM WHEREVER IT'S HIDDEN—NOW HERE'S MY PLAN...



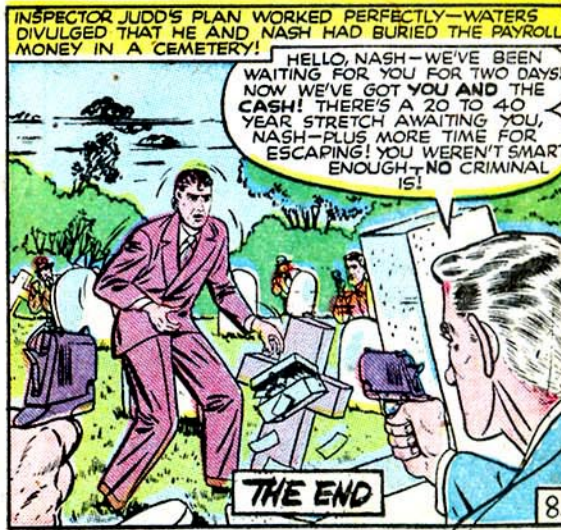
LIKE INSPECTOR JUDD SAID—I'LL GO UNDER THE HANDLE OF SMITH, "BUGGSY" SMITH, AN OLD-TIME PAY-ROLL STICK-UP ARTIST! I'VE GOT A HUNCH HE'LL TRUST ME—THAT IS, IF I CAN ACT MY PART AND FOOL HIM!

I'LL TELL HIM THAT I'M PUTTING YOU IN WITH HIM TILL YOUR RELEASE IN A FEW DAYS, BECAUSE THE PLUMBING IN YOUR OLD CELL NEEDED REPAIRING! IT'S KINDA CORNY BUT HE'LL FALL FOR IT!



YOUR STRETCH IS UP TOMORROW, SMITTY, AN' I'VE GOT TO TRUST SOMEBODY, OR I'LL BLOW MY STACK! A GUY JUST CAN'T SIT AROUND AN' SEE HIS HALF OF A HUNDRED G'S TAKE A WALK, AN' THEY AIN'T CAPTURED MY "OLD PAL," NASH, SO FAR! HE'S HEADED FOR THE DOUGH, AN' IF HE GETS IT, HE'LL SKIP THE COUNTRY, LEAVIN' ME HOLDIN' THE SACK! SMITTY, PROMISE YOU'LL HOLD MY SHARE FOR ME IF I TELL YOU WHERE IT'S HID!

YOU CAN TRUST ME, WATERS! WHERE'S THE DOUGH HIDDEN?

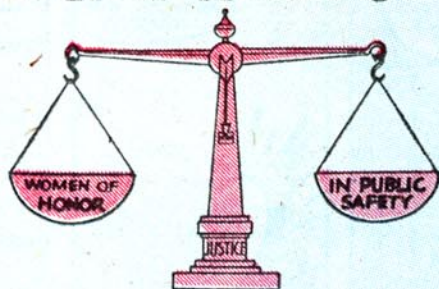


INSPECTOR JUDD'S PLAN WORKED PERFECTLY—WATERS DIVULGED THAT HE AND NASH HAD BURIED THE PAYROLL MONEY IN A CEMETERY!

HELLO, NASH—WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOR TWO DAYS! NOW WE'VE GOT YOU AND THE CASH! THERE'S A 20 TO 40 YEAR STRETCH AWAITING YOU, NASH—PLUS MORE TIME FOR ESCAPING! YOU WEREN'T SMART ENOUGH—NO CRIMINAL IS!

THE END

OUR POLICE HALL OF FAME



MARY SULLIVAN POLICEWOMAN



WE, THE JURY, find the defendant guilty as charged."

The District Attorney's eyes searched the courtroom, then rested on a pleasant-faced woman seated unobtrusively in a row of spectators. He smiled and raised his hand in a gesture of salute, a silent tribute to Policewoman Mary Sullivan, whose detective work had formed the strongest link in the chain of evidence that convicted Kitty Daley, Queen of the Shoplifters.

Early in 1918, New York's most exclusive stores reported that furs, jewels, imported lingerie and other valuable merchandise was being removed at an alarming rate. Despite redoubled efforts by store detectives and clerks to trap the shoplifters, the thefts continued.

The members of the New York City Police Department's crack Shoplifter's Squad began sifting through the little evidence they had on hand. In every case reported by the stores, it was a woman who had removed the merchandise. However, the police assumed several women were responsible for the thefts, for every description differed. Three different stores reported:

A red-head about 35, slender, average height, was responsible for the lifting of three diamond bracelets, valued at \$35,000.

A blonde, age about 45, slightly below average height, had stolen a mink coat, priced at \$7,500.

A sallow-complected brunette had whisked away more than \$500 worth of imported underclothes. The evidence, therefore, pointed to a ring of three women, and yet a search of the police files did not reveal the records of any known shoplifters answering these descriptions!

Obviously something was wrong! The Squad patiently reassembled its evidence, searching for one tangible lead that might narrow their hunt.

And after weeks of questioning, Policewoman Mary Sullivan came up with the answer.

Police work is in the Sullivan blood. Throughout her life, there has been at least one member of her family in the ranks of New York's Police Department.

A probationary member of the force in 1911, she had risen steadily in the estimation of her superior officers; her brilliant work in the various branches of the Department, including the Homicide Squad, was later to win her membership to the Honor Legion, the first of her sex to be chosen.

Policewoman Sullivan entered the office of the Inspector of the Shoplifter's Squad with a sheaf of papers.

"Inspector, I've found something that makes me believe we've been on the wrong track.

"You know that every shoplifter has one stock in trade—call it technique—that gives her away. In these cases, however, that technique has been the same, despite the fact that we seem to have three different suspects!"

The Inspector glanced at the papers Mary Sullivan had put before him.

"Item One:" he read, "There is always a lapse of two weeks after each theft.

"Item Two: The merchandise is always taken from the stores on a Monday—but on no other day.

"Item Three: The shoplifter always tells the clerk that she has inherited a large sum of money, and that for the first time in her life she has the wherewithal to indulge in her desires for expensive clothes and jewels."

The Inspector read on, carefully noting each item. Finally, he lifted his head and nodded:

"You've got something there, Mary. Now the question is—who is she?"

For answer, Policewoman Sullivan pointed to the "Rogue's Gallery" picture and dossier of Kitty Daley, alias "Clever Kitty," and "Kitty, the Actress."

Kitty Daley was one of the cleverest shoplifters known to the police. Well educated, a gifted mimic and an expert at disguises, she had put these qualities to work. First she was in the theatre—hence the nickname. Good roles, however, proved few and far between, and Kitty Daley turned to shop-lifting. Her technique was identical with those of the "three women."

"But Kitty's retired to a farm on the West Coast," the Inspector declared. "Maybe she trained a group of girls and takes a percentage of their haul."

Mary Sullivan shook her head. "I sent a telegram to the California police. They sent back

a reply that the farm's for rent and Kitty has vanished. I'm sure she's back in New York and working her old racket."

The Chief thought it over a moment, then said:

"All right, Mary. It's your case now, but remember—we want not only Kitty, but the merchandise as well. That may prove tough, because it may be that she's already turned the stuff over to a fence for disposal."

"That's a chance I'll have to take," the Policewoman replied.

Plainclothesmen were assigned to locate Kitty's new whereabouts. After a week she was traced to a small apartment in the fashionable East Seventies. In her absence the apartment was searched, but the wily Kitty was too smart to leave any traces of her activities there!

Meanwhile, other detectives were attempting to trace the disposal of the stolen goods. They met with no success. Kitty apparently had not yet found a new "fence" who would give her a high enough percentage.

This last fact gave Policewoman Sullivan an idea. With the help of various police informers, Mary Sullivan spread word around the underworld that there was a new "fence" in New York interested in buying high-class merchandise. In order to make the situation real enough, the Policewoman rented a dingy shop that was typical of the ones used by buyers of stolen goods and waited for customers.

Mary Sullivan had little reason to fear possible recognition by her unsavory acquaintances. She was new to the Shoplifter's Squad, for one thing. In the second place, she was almost as adept as Kitty Daley in the matter of disguises. A gray wig now covered her own dark tresses. The application of plenty of rouge and powder and some loudly-colored dresses completed the picture of a typical woman "fence." She used the name of Lizzie Walker.

Thieves of every kind began to put in an appearance at "Lizzie Walker's" shop. Her high prices assured her of a steady clientele, all of whom were later rounded up by detectives. Then, one day Kitty Daley walked into the store.

"The boys tell me you give them a pretty square deal—almost too good to be true!" Kitty's eyes shrewdly appraised the detective.

"Well, I'll tell you," Mary began. "Some-

times I give them more than I should, but in the long run it's worth it because they'll come back to me with all their trade."

Kitty placed a bracelet on the counter, "What's this worth to you? Its price was \$12,000."

"Lizzie Walker" replied, "I'll give you \$7,500."

The Queen of the Shoplifters nodded again. "It's a deal. And I have about five or six other ones I'd like to bring in. By the way, can you use some fur coats? I've got some that are beauties."

The Policewoman thought rapidly. If Kitty Daley merely brought her stolen goods to the store from time to time, it would take that much longer to wrap up the case. The police and the stores were anxious to put an immediate end to Kitty's activities.

"Too risky," declared "Lizzie Walker." She added that she suspected the police might be watching the store and she didn't want to risk an arrest on her premises.

"Tell you what," she continued, "Why don't you let me come up and have a look around? That way I can pick out what I can use and save us both a lot of time."

Kitty Daley hesitated. It was obvious that she was afraid of showing anyone where the stolen goods were cached, but "Lizzie Walker's" high prices finally tipped the balance scale.

"All right," she conceded. "Meet me tonight at the warehouse on East 10th Street. I have the stuff in a loft there."

That night, Mary went to meet Kitty accompanied by members of the Shoplifter's Squad.

She stationed the men at various posts in the building, then climbed the stairs to where Kitty was waiting.

There on display was all the stolen merchandise. And on a dressing table, very much like the ones used by show people, were the wigs, special shoes and other accessories that the Queen of the Shoplifters used to disguise her appearances.

Kitty Daley was arrested, and the books closed on a clever shoplifter. But she wasn't smart enough to beat Mary Sullivan, Policewoman.

In 1925, Mary Sullivan was appointed Director of the Women's Bureau, a post she held with distinction until her resignation in 1946.

Many changes have taken place in the Women's Bureau since Mary Sullivan first joined the Force. In 1927, a course for probationary policewomen was inaugurated at the Police Academy, which now includes court procedure, penal law, abnormal psychology and a dozen other subjects.

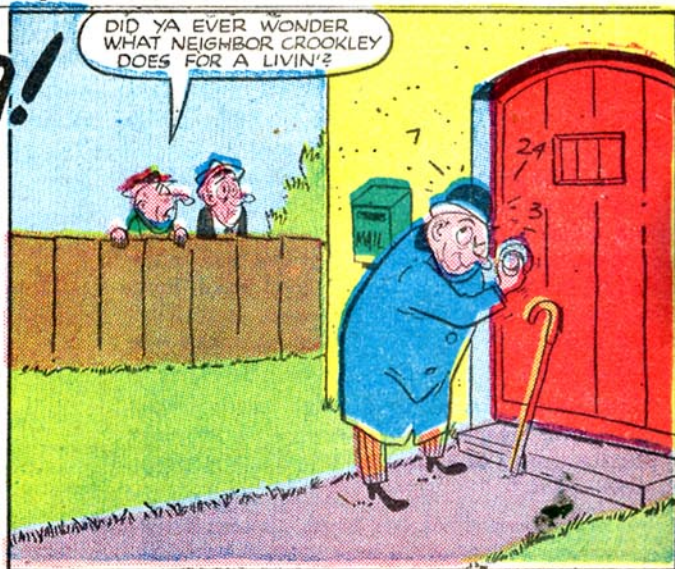
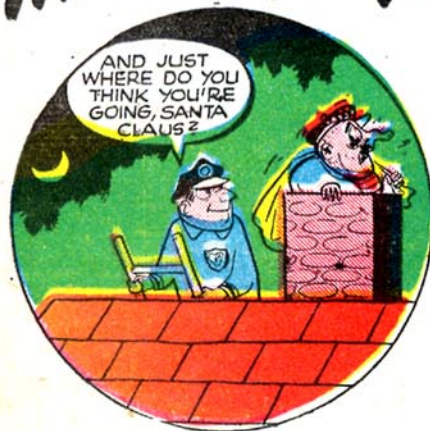
Although retired from active duty, Mrs. Sullivan is still "active" as an advisor to a private detective agency. Her heart will always belong to police work.

"Although I have learned many things since I wore a policewoman's uniform," she declares, "the most important lesson I learned was that no crook is smarter than the law."

"The only thing crime ever paid off in," concludes Mary Sullivan, "is heartbreak."

THE END

This'll Kill Ya!



STAMPS

The Quetzal

ONE of the most beautiful birds in the world is the Quetzal (Quetzal) which is found in Central America, chiefly in the mountains of Guatemala. The beautiful feathers of the Quetzal have been highly prized by the early Aztec and Maya Indians. They allowed no one to harm these birds and if a Quetzal was caught it was to be set free after it was divested of its beautiful feathers. Only the chiefs of the tribes were considered good enough to wear the colorful plumes.

In size, the Quetzal is smaller than a pigeon, however, its plumes give it an appearance of a much larger bird. Just like others in the bird world, the male has the more beautiful feathers. The male Quetzal has a bright yellow



The Quetzal

bill and a rounded head of fine thread-like feathers. The tail plumes, which are its chief beauty, are from three to three and a half feet long. The color of the tail plumes and the bird's upper surfaces is of a golden green which has a shining brilliant lustre. The feathers of the lower parts of the Quetzal are vivid scarlet.

In Guatemala the Quetzal is regarded as a symbol of liberty and freedom and has been adopted as the national emblem of the country. The Quetzal symbolizes liberty and freedom because it cannot live long while in captivity.

Nearly all stamp collectors who have stamps of Guatemala have at least one stamp showing a picture of the Quetzal for a majority of Guatemalan stamps depict the bird on the designs. The pictorial air mail stamps of 1935 and 1937 all have a picture of a Quetzal in flight overprinted on them.

In addition to honoring the bird on the stamps of Guatemala, in 1927, the name of the monetary unit, the peso has been changed to the Quetzal.

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FEET HURT?



DR. BARRON'S
Advice to Readers
with FOOT PAINS

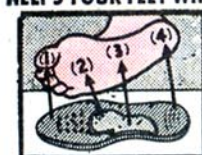
"My 15 years' experience as a Medical Doctor convinced me that a FOOT CUSHION can help relieve many local minor foot trouble which cause agony when you walk or stand. That is why I recommend my DR. BARRON'S FOOT CUSHIONS. Many foot sufferers wearing my FOOT CUSHIONS write their foot pains have stopped and they now enjoy blessed relief with every step."

DR. BARRON'S
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So Comfortable!
LIKE WALKING ON A PILLOW
Light, spongy, ventilated. Removable—fit into all work, dress, sports shoes.
HELPS YOUR FEET WHERE THEY HURT!



You Get Amazing
4-Way Relief!

Dr. Barron's scientific Foot Cushions relieve painful pressure from (1) CORNS, (2) METATARSAL

CALLOUSES, (3) WEAK ARCHES, (4) SORE HEELS. Also help support weak arches, absorb shocks to your feet and body. CUSHION and help RELIEVE your ENTIRE FEET—HEEL TO TOES!

Used by MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND foot sufferers! Happy customers write: "I feel like I have new feet in just a few hours."—H. H. Sedan, Kansas. "Callouses are completely gone."—Mrs. B. G. H., Camden, Ark. "I could hardly walk. Now I feel fine."—E. W., Minneapolis, Minn.

Be safe. Be sure. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS! Get the original, GENUINE DR. BARRON'S FOOT CUSHIONS (Reg. U. S. Patent Office).

SEND NO MONEY!

Wear Dr. Barron's Foot Cushions for 30 DAYS' TRIAL, without risking a penny! Just pay postman on delivery only \$1.98 A PAIR plus postage. You must enjoy blessed relief or YOUR MONEY BACK GUARANTEED! Mail Coupon NOW!

FREE—DR. Barron's "Foot Health Advice" sent with order to help you keep feet young, strong, healthy. ORDER TODAY!

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Rush DR. BARRON'S FOOT CUSHIONS for 30 DAYS' TRIAL (also FREE "Foot Health Advice"). I will deposit with postman on delivery only \$1.98 for A PAIR, plus postage. I must get blessed relief or my full purchase price will be refunded.

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IMPORTANT! Shoe Size... Man or Woman...
 Save postage—Send \$1.98 with coupon. SAME MONEY BACK GUARANTEE.

OBEY THE LAW

ON THE LEVEL by C.H. MOORE



AUGUST VOLLMER,

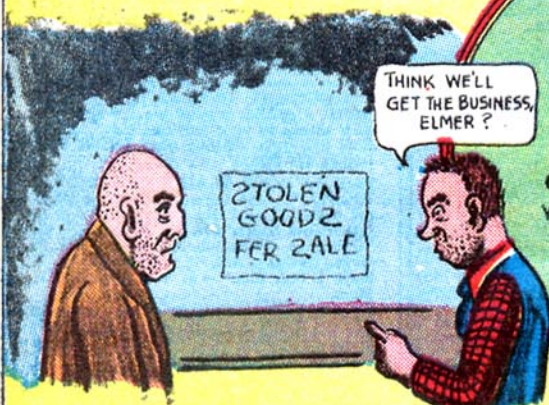
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DEVELOPED THE CRIME LABORATORIES, RADIO PATROL CARS, POLICE SCHOOLS, LIE DETECTOR, "MODUS OPERANDI," SYSTEM OF IDENTIFYING CROOKS AND JUNIOR POLICE FORCE



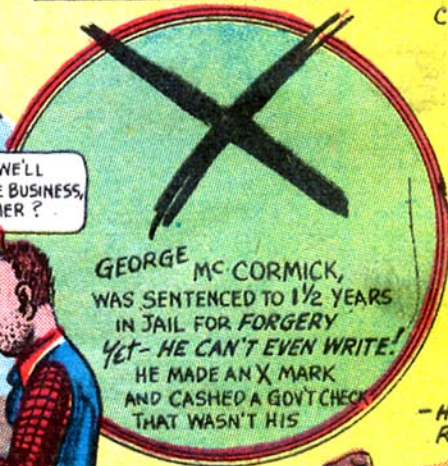
STOPPED BY A MOTORCYCLE COP—JOE PATTON CONFESSED THAT HE HAD FORGED CHECKS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY AND THAT HE WAS DRIVING A STOLEN CAR — THE OFFICER THEN EXPLAINED TO JOE THAT HE DIDN'T KNOW ABOUT HIS CRIMES — THE ONLY REASON HE STOPPED HIM WAS BECAUSE HE WAS DRIVING THE WRONG WAY ON A ONE WAY STREET!

C.H. MOORE



THINK WE'LL GET THE BUSINESS, ELMER?

STOLEN GOODS FOR SALE

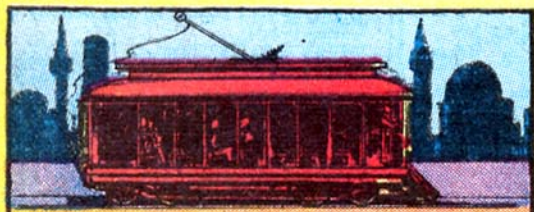


GEORGE MC CORMICK, WAS SENTENCED TO 1 1/2 YEARS IN JAIL FOR FORGERY YET - HE CAN'T EVEN WRITE! HE MADE AN X MARK AND CASHED A GOVT CHECK THAT WASN'T HIS



A ROBBER WAS ARRESTED WHILE WALKING DOWN A BOSTON STREET — HE HAD FORGOTTEN TO REMOVE HIS MASK!

ELMER JOHNSON AND HARRY WILLIS, OF St Louis, Missouri, WERE ARRESTED AS A RESULT OF AN AD THEY RAN IN A NEWSPAPER OFFERING SOME OF THEIR STOLEN GOODS FOR SALE!



RAMADAN ABU ZEID, IN CAIRO, EGYPT, WENT TO JAIL FOR 2 1/2 YEARS FOR SELLING A STREET CAR TO AN INNOCENT VILLAGER FOR \$250!
— LIKE SELLING BROOKLYN BRIDGE IN AMERICA

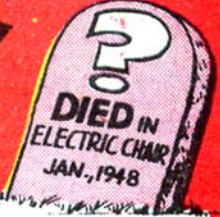


AN EMPLOYEE OF A JEWELRY SHOP STOLE GEMS AND HID THEM IN A "RENT BY THE DAY" LOCKER IN THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD STATION! ONE DAY HE FORGOT TO INSERT HIS DIME - THE LOCKER WAS OPENED, AND THE GEMS DISCOVERED - WHEN THE THIEF RETURNED, HE WAS GREETED BY THE POLICE -

A TRUE CRIME STORY

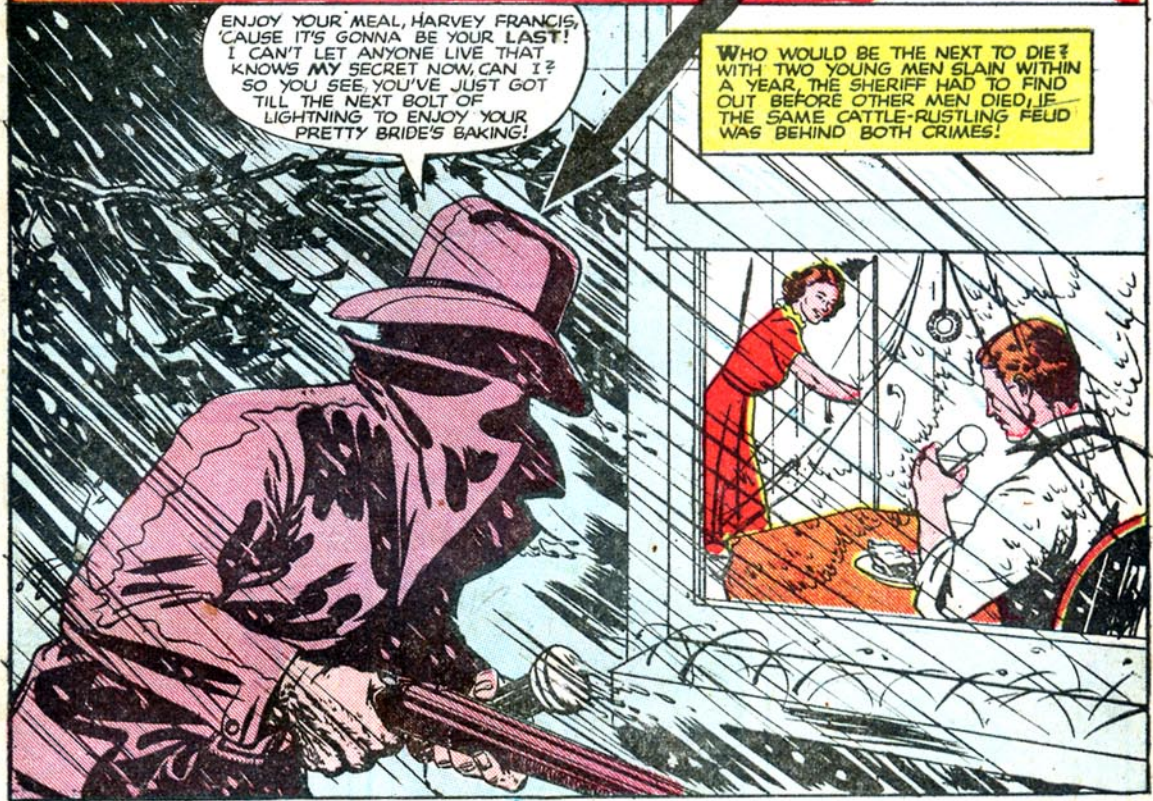
WHO IS THIS MAN?

HEROIC SHERIFF MEL WARD MATCHED WITS WITH THIS VICIOUS VENGEANCE-KILLER AND WON HANDS DOWN!



ENJOY YOUR MEAL, HARVEY FRANCIS, 'CAUSE IT'S GONNA BE YOUR LAST! I CAN'T LET ANYONE LIVE THAT KNOWS MY SECRET NOW, CAN I? SO YOU SEE, YOU'VE JUST GOT TILL THE NEXT BOLT OF LIGHTNING TO ENJOY YOUR PRETTY BRIDE'S BAKING!

WHO WOULD BE THE NEXT TO DIE? WITH TWO YOUNG MEN SLAIN WITHIN A YEAR, THE SHERIFF HAD TO FIND OUT BEFORE OTHER MEN DIED, IF THE SAME CATTLE-RUSTLING FEUD WAS BEHIND BOTH CRIMES!



8:30 P.M. ON THE RAIN-SWEPT EVENING OF OCTOBER 3, 1947—IN THE HEART OF THE SOUTH, HARVEY FRANCIS AND HIS WIFE WERE ENJOYING A LATE SNACK!

ARE YOU SURE YOU WON'T HAVE ANOTHER PIECE OF PIE, DARLING? IT'S AWFULLY DELICIOUS WITH THIS ICE-COLD MILK!

OKAY, SWEET! YOU'VE CONVINCED ME! YOUR COOKING AND THOSE PIES OF YOURS ARE OUT OF THIS WORLD!

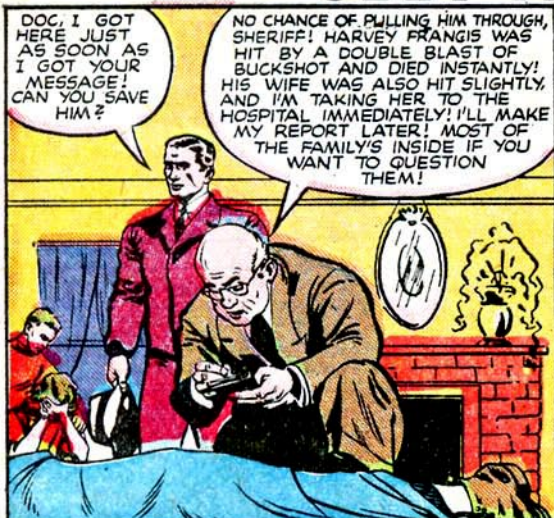


THERE'S A LIGHT FLASHING IN THE WINDOW! HARVEY, LOOK OUT!

WHERE, ELLEN? WHAT WINDOW?



OBEY THE LAW



DOC, I GOT HERE JUST AS SOON AS I GOT YOUR MESSAGE! CAN YOU SAVE HIM?

NO CHANCE OF PULLING HIM THROUGH, SHERIFF! HARVEY FRANGIS WAS HIT BY A DOUBLE BLAST OF BUCKSHOT AND DIED INSTANTLY! HIS WIFE WAS ALSO HIT SLIGHTLY, AND I'M TAKING HER TO THE HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY! I'LL MAKE MY REPORT LATER! MOST OF THE FAMILY'S INSIDE IF YOU WANT TO QUESTION THEM!



COME ON, ELLEN, THERE'S NOTHING TO BE DONE HERE FOR HARVEY, AND YOU CAN BE SURE THAT SHERIFF WARD WILL GET YOUR HUSBAND'S KILLER! NOW IT'S IMPORTANT FOR YOU TO COME TO THE HOSPITAL TO HAVE THOSE PELLETS REMOVED!

HARVEY WAS ONE OF MY CLASSMATES, AND THIS KILLING HAS ITS ROOTS DEEP IN THE SILENT VENNETTAS AND HATES OF THESE MOUNTAINS, BUT I'LL GET THE KILLER! NO MATTER HOW LONG IT TAKES!

YES—
SOB—
SOB!



RICHARD, YOU'RE HARVEY'S BROTHER! WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS?

WELL, SHERIFF, MOM, SIS AN' I WERE SITTING HERE IN THE LIVING ROOM TALKING, AN' HARVEY AN' ELLEN WERE IN THE KITCHEN! WE HEARD THE SHOT, AN' THEN ELLEN SCREAMED! THAT'S ALL WE KNOW, SHERIFF!

ABOUT 20 MINUTES EARLIER, I SAW THE RAYS OF A FLASHLIGHT IN THE GARDEN WHILE IT WAS STILL RAINING, AND JUST BEFORE THE SHOT WAS FIRED, I SAW 'EM AGAIN! I NEVER TOLD ANYONE ABOUT THIS, BUT I SAW 'EM ON THE NIGHT THAT LECK BARRY WAS KILLED, AND ALSO ON THE NIGHT HARVEY AND RICHARD WENT AWAY LAST YEAR! THERE MUST BE A CONNECTION!



THAT'S WHERE THE SHOT CAME FROM—RIGHT THROUGH THAT WINDOW!

WHAT TIME DID IT STOP RAINING HERE?

ABOUT TEN MINUTES AFTER THE SHOOTING, I GUESS! WE WERE ALL TOO EXCITED TO TELL FOR SURE!



IF IT WAS RAINING WHEN THE KILLER STOOD OUT THERE, THEN CONDITIONS SHOULD BE IDEAL FOR FOOTPRINTS!

HEADLEY BRING IN THE MOULAGE AND FINGERPRINT EQUIPMENT!

RICHARD, I WANT YOU TO SEE THAT **NOBODY** ENTERS THIS HOUSE OR WANDERS ABOUT ON THE LAWN! THERE SHOULD BE PLENTY OF EVIDENCE AND I DON'T WANT ANY OF IT MESSED UP! I'M EXPECTING A GOOD BLOODHOUND TO GET HERE ANY MINUTE, AND AS SOON AS HE DOES, WE'LL PICK UP THE TRAIL!



I GOT HERE AS QUICK AS I COULD, MEL! HOW IS IT GOING?

NOTHING MUCH YET! YOU DID ALL RIGHT COMIN' THROUGH THOSE MUDDY ROADS!

YOU, NOSEY, COME ON OUT, BOY, WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO! GET THAT SNIFFER OF YOURS TUNED UP!



PICK IT UP, FELLA! GET THAT SCENT! THIS FOOTPRINT WAS MADE BY THE KILLER, SO TAKE A GOOD SNIFF OF IT!

THERE'RE PLENTY OF TRACKS UNDER THIS WINDOW, MEL! BETTER HAVE THE HOUND SNIFF THESE, TOO!



WITH ALL THESE TRACKS, IT OUGHT TO BE A CINCH TO TRAIL THE KILLER—THAT IS, UNLESS HE HAD A CAR HIDDEN AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE!

MAYBE THAT HOUND CAN TELL YOU WHO MURDERED HARVEY, AN' MAYBE HE CAN'T! BUT I'M WILLIN' TO GET REB STUART AN' LEN MORRIS WOULD KNOW SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT!

I FIGURE TO QUESTION THOSE BOYS TOO, RICHARD, BUT RIGHT NOW I'M GOIN' TO FOLLOW THESE TRACKS! THEY MAY GIVE ME SOMETHING DEFINITE TO GO ON!

OBEY THE LAW

ALL WE GOTTA HOPE IS THAT THE KILLER DIDN'T LEAVE BY CAR! IF HE WALKED HOME, NOSEY'LL POINT HIM OUT FOR US, AND THOSE PRINTS HE LEFT IN THE YARD WILL CONVICT HIM—THAT IS, IF COOPER CAN MAKE SOME DE-CENT CASTS!

COOPER'S THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS! HOLD THAT LIGHT STILL—DON'T LET IT GET IN THE DOG'S EYES!

FUNNY ABOUT RICHARD THROWING SUSPICION ON REB STUART AND LEN MORRIS THAT WAY!

YES, I WISH HE HADN'T SAID THAT! STILL THIS TRAIL IS LEADING TOWARD WHERE THEY LIVE! BOTH OF 'EM FARM OUT AROUND THIS AREA!

WHAT WAS THAT FUSS ABOUT BETWEEN THEM AND THE FRANCIS FAMILY? I WAS ON VACATION WHEN IT HAPPENED! I NEVER DID GET THE WHOLE STORY!

ABOUT A YEAR AGO, HARVEY FRANCIS AND A COUSIN OF HIS, LECK BARRY CAME TO ME AND ACCUSED TWO OF THEIR NEIGHBORS, STUART AND MORRIS OF CATTLE RUSTLING! I QUESTIONED THEM, BUT COULDN'T GET ANY SORT OF EVIDENCE! THEN ABOUT A WEEK LATER, LECK BARRY WAS SHOT AND KILLED FROM AM-BUSH! I QUESTIONED STUART AND MORRIS AGAIN, BUT HAD TO RELEASE 'EM FOR LACK OF EVIDENCE, EVEN THOUGH FOLKS HAD HEARD 'EM THREATEN TO GET EVEN!

SO THAT'S WHY HARVEY AND HIS BROTHER WENT AWAY LAST YEAR—THEY WERE AFRAID FOR THEIR LIVES! NOW HARVEY ISN'T BACK MORE THAN A WEEK AND SOMEBODY PUTS A CHARGE OF BUCKSHOT THROUGH HIM! IT SURE LOOKS BAD, BOTH MEN WHO BROUGHT UP THE RUSTLING CHARGE BEING AMBUSHED THAT WAY!

YEAH—IT LOOKS BAD ALL RIGHT!

WHOA, NOSEY! HOLD IT! WHAT'S THAT?

LOOK HERE! IT'S THE IMPRINT OF A HAND! IT MUST BE THE PRINT OF THE KILLER! HE SLIPPED AND FELL, BUT I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHAT HE WAS CARRYING!

THAT'S ABOUT THE SHAPE OF A FLASHLIGHT! THAT'S WHAT HE WAS CARRYING! GET A PIECE OF BRUSHWOOD TO COVER IT OVER, AND WE'LL HAVE COOPER MAKE A CAST OF IT LATER! C'MON! WE'RE GETTIN' HOT!

NO, BOY, DOWN! YOU WERE TRAINED BETTER THAN TO CLIMB A BRUSH-PILE! YOU CAN PICK UP THE SCENT ON THE OTHER SIDE WITHOUT CLIMBING OVER IT!

IT HAS TO BE SOMEONE WHO KNOWS ALL ABOUT THE HOUND, SO WE CAN BE PRETTY SURE NOW IT'S A LOCAL MAN!

THAT KILLER WAS SMART! HE MUST HAVE FIGURED I'D USE NOSEY!

NOSEY'S HEADIN' RIGHT FOR THE FRONT DOOR! WHO'S PLACE IS THAT, MEL?

LECK BARRY'S FATHER LIVES HERE! I SURE DIDN'T EXPECT THIS!

COME ON IN, SHERIFF, AND YOU TOO, MORT—BUT PULL THIS DOG OFF'N ME! HE'S ALL MUDDY!

I'LL TIE HIM UP HERE ON THE PORCH! HAVE YOU BEEN HOME ALL EVENING, FRANK?

OBEY THE LAW



HUH? I WAS OUT ROUNDIN' UP THE CATTLE A WHILE BACK. BUT WHAT'S THE MATTER, AND WHY THE DOG?

FRANK HARVEY FRANCIS WAS SHOT TO DEATH TONIGHT—AMBUSHED WITH A SHOTGUN! NOSEY PICKED UP THE TRAIL AND LED US TO YOUR DOORSTEP!

NOSEY'S NEVER BEEN WRONG BEFORE, BARRY! THERE'RE ELEVEN MEN IN THE STATE PEN THAT ARE EVIDENCE OF THAT!

MAYBE HE'S NEVER BEEN WRONG, BUT THERE WOULDN'T BE MUCH REASON FER ME TO CUT DOWN ANY OF THE FRANCIS BOYS SINCE WE WERE KINFOLK! HARVEY GOT IT JUST LIKE MY BOY, LECK! IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE'S OUT TO GET US ALL!

MAYBE! HAVE YOU GOT A SHOTGUN, FRANK, AND A FLASHLIGHT?

HERE? I CAN'T IMAGINE WHY HE SHOULD LEAD YOU HERE, SHERIFF, CAUSE I AIN'T BEEN DOWN THE ROAD TO TOWN FER TWO DAYS!



THAT'S MY GUN, WARD, BUT YOU CAN SEE IT AIN'T BEEN FIRED LATELY! I DON'T HAVE A FLASH—LIGHT—SURELY YOU'RE NOT SUSPECTIN' ME, ARE YUH?

NO, BUT I'VE GOT TO CHECK ALL THE ANGLES, AND NOSEY'S NEVER BEEN WRONG BEFORE.

HAS ANYONE BEEN HERE TONIGHT?



WELL, REB STUART WAS HERE A SHORT WHILE AGO—MAYBE FIFTEEN MINUTES BEFORE YOU ARRIVED! HE CAME UP ON THE PORCH AND ASKED ME IF I'D SEEN ANY OF HIS STOCK AROUND! I SAID NO, AND HE LEFT!

I SEE! WELL, IF YOU DISCOVER ANYTHING ELSE I SHOULD KNOW, CALL ME AT ONCE! SO LONG!



LOOK AT IT THIS WAY—WHEN NOSEY TOOK US TO FRANK BARRY'S PLACE, I BEGAN SUSPECTING HIM—BUT FRANK DIDN'T HAVE ANY REASON TO KILL HARVEY! WHAT PROBABLY HAPPENED IS THAT NOSEY FOLLOWED SOMEONE ELSE'S TRAIL ALL THE WAY FROM FRANCIS' PLACE TO BARRY'S, AND THE PERSON WHO MADE THAT TRAIL TONIGHT WAS NONE OTHER THAN REB STUART!

IT SURE LOOKS LIKE IT! LET'S GO SEE WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!



SORRY, SHERIFF WARD, REBEL'S NOT AT HOME! HE LEFT ABOUT SIX O'CLOCK TO LOOK FOR SOME CATTLE THAT STRAYED! IS IT ANYTHING IMPORTANT?

NO, I'LL TELL HIM LATER—BUT IF HE HAPPENS TO COME TO TOWN TOMORROW, HAVE HIM LOOK ME UP! I'LL BE THERE! GOOD-NIGHT!



GOOD MORNING, SHERIFF! SAY, I SURE GOT A BUNCH OF GOOD MOLDS LAST NIGHT, AND FIVE PERFECT FINGER-PRINTS FROM THAT WINDOW! IF THEY DON'T BELONG TO THE FRANCIS FAMILY, THEY SURE SPELL OUT THE KILLER'S NAME!

SWELL! THERE'S SOME MORE WORK FOR YOU TO DO DOWN THE ROAD A PIECE, COOPER! MORT WILL SHOW YOU WHERE IT IS—IF YOU SHOULD NEED ME, I'M GOING OVER TO THE FRANCIS HOUSE AND LOOK AROUND!



THAT CLOSET DOOR IS IN LINE WITH THE ANGLE OF THE BLAST! IF I'M RIGHT, THERE OUGHT TO BE SOME SHOT LODGED IN IT!

OBEY THE LAW



FIND ANYTHING, SHERIFF?

YES, I DID! WHOEVER DID THE SHOOTING SURE WASN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES! HE PUT SMALL, STEEL BALL-BEARINGS IN WITH THE SHOT SO THAT HE'D BE SURE TO KILL HARVEY! THE BARREL THAT FIRED THOSE BEARINGS SHOULD BE PLENTY SCRATCHED. IF WE CAN FIND THE GUN, WE'LL HAVE ONE MORE LINK TO THE KILLER!



GOOD HEAVENS! STEEL BEARINGS! SO THAT'S WHY YOU WERE SO EXCITED OVER THE PHONE!

RIGHT! THE SLAYER WANTED TO BE SURE THAT HARVEY WOULD DIE - AND THAT SOME-BODY LIVES RIGHT HERE IN THIS TOWN, BECAUSE ALL CLUES POINT THAT WAY!

THE GUY MUST BE A MAD-MAN! WHATEVER HIS MOTIVE WAS, HE WASN'T TAKING ANY CHANCES!



BUT AS TO HIS IDENTITY! I DON'T HAVE A THING IN THE FILES TO MATCH THE PRINTS I TOOK OFF THE WINDOW!

THAT'S TOO BAD! I SEE WE'LL HAVE TO CLEAR THIS CASE UP THE HARD WAY! COOPER, I WANT YOU TO QUESTION EVERY MERCHANT IN TOWN! SEE IF ANYONE HAS BEEN BUYING LOOSE BUCKSHOT! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO OVERLOOK A THING! MEANWHILE MORT AND I ARE GOING TO QUESTION REB STUART.



THE WIFE TELLS ME YOU WERE ASKIN' FER ME LAST NIGHT WARD! ANYTHIN' I CAN DO FER YA?

MAYBE YOU CAN AND MAYBE YOU CAN'T, REB! FIRST, WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT BETWEEN SIX AND TEN O'CLOCK?

AND GET YOUR SHOTGUN AND FLASHLIGHT FOR US! WE'D LIKE TO HAVE A LOOK AT THEM!



THAT'S MY GUN, SHERIFF, BUT I DON'T GET IT! I WAS OUT LOOKIN' FER SOME STRAY STOCK LAST NIGHT! WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?

SPOTLESS DOWN THE BARREL! THIS WASN'T THE GUN, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN HE HASN'T ANOTHER GUN! LOTS OF THE FARMERS HAVE MORE THAN ONE!



ARE THOSE THE SHOES YOU WORE LAST NIGHT? SURE THEY ARE! WHAT'S UP, SHERIFF? WHAT IF MY SHOES ARE MUDDY?

DON'T TELL ME YOU HAVEN'T HEARD ABOUT HARVEY FRANCIS GETTING AMBUSHED LAST NIGHT? YOU KNOW RIGHT WELL WHAT'S UP! GET IN MY CAR, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU DOWN AT MY OFFICE! LET'S GO, MORT!



I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YA! I DIDN'T HAVE NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT! YA CAN'T PIN THIS ON ME!

I'M NOT OUT TO PIN ANYTHING ON ANYONE, BUT YOU'RE INNOCENT THEN YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! RIGHT NOW WE'RE GOING OVER TO SEE LEN MORRIS AND FIND OUT IF HE'S CONNECTED WITH THIS THE WAY IT APPEARS YOU ARE!



LEN'S NOT HOME, SHERIFF! HE'S BEEN GONE ABOUT A WEEK, BUT I EXPECT HIM BACK MOST ANYTIME NOW!

I SEE! DID HE LEAVE HIS SHOTGUN HERE, MRS. MORRIS?

OBEY THE LAW

HE DOESN'T OWN ONE, SHERIFF! NEVER DID - BUT HE HAS A RIGHT NICE RIFLE, IF YOU WANT TO SEE IT!

NEVER MIND, I'LL TALK TO HIM WHEN HE GETS BACK! THANKS AGAIN, MRS. MORRIS!

I THINK WE'RE GETTING WARM! LEN MORRIS HASN'T BEEN HOME FOR SIX DAYS! I'M WONDERING IF HE DIDN'T KNOW THE FRANCIS BOYS WERE COMING HOME AND GOT ALL SET TO SPRING THEIR TRAP - COMPLETE WITH AN ALIBI!

SURE, IF HE HAD A FIENDISH GRUDGE AGAINST HARVEY AND HIS COUSIN LECK FOR ACCUSING HIM OF CATTLE RUSTLING LAST YEAR!

I DIDN'T HARBOR NO GRUDGE AGAINST 'EM! I DIDN'T HAVE 'NOTHIN' TO DO WITH THAT RUSTLIN' AND I DIDN'T DO NO KILLIN'! YA GOTTA BELIEVE ME!

ABOUT THAT BUCKSHOT, SHERIFF - I FOUND A MERCHANT WHO SAID HE HAD SOLD SOME LOOSE BUCKSHOT LOADS JUST A FEW DAYS AGO! THAT TYPE OF SHOT IS HARD TO SELL BECAUSE MOST PEOPLE BUY SHELLS ALREADY LOADED! BUT HE DID REMEMBER SELLING THREE BOXES HE HAD TO YOU, REB STUART!

SO WHAT! I HAD GOOD USE FOR 'EM! THERE'S BEEN WILD DOGS CHASIN' MY STOCK AND I COULDN'T DO NO MORE THAN WOUND THEM WITH ORDINARY SHOT, SO I LOADED SOME OF MY OWN!

COOPER-FINGERPRINT STUART AND MAKE CASTS OF HIS SHOES, AND THEN CHECK HIS FLASHLIGHT AGAINST THE CAST YOU MADE IN THE ROADWELL KNOW SOON ENOUGH IF HE'S OUR MAN!

STATE POLICE? IS THIS CAPTAIN CARVEL? THIS IS SHERIFF MEL WARD, DOWNSTAIRS! WOULD YOU BROADCAST A PICKUP CALL FOR ME ON LEN MORRIS, WANTED IN CONNECTION WITH THE FRANCIS KILLING? THE DESCRIPTION WILL FOLLOW!

WARD, I'VE MADE THE COMPARISON! STEP OVER HERE WHEN YOU'RE READY!

THE FLASHLIGHT DOESN'T FIT THE MOLD - NOR DO HIS SHOES, SHERIFF! THE SAME THING GOES FOR HIS FINGERPRINTS! ACCORDING TO THESE - STUART'S NOT OUR MAN!

SEE - I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T HAVE 'NOTHIN' TO DO WITH THIS!

AND I TOLD YOU IF YOU WERE INNOCENT YOU HAD NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!

O.K. REB, YOU CAN GO! SORRY I HAD TO BRING YOU INTO ALL THIS FUSS - BUT SOMEBODY DID THIS KILLING AND IT'S MY JOB TO FIND OUT THE ONE WHO DID!

ABOUT THE ONLY CLUES WE HAVE LEFT NOW ARE THE BALL-BEARINGS AND BUCK SHOT THAT WE'VE SCRAPED OUT OF THE CLOSET WALL! THE BUCKSHOT POINTED AT STUART, BUT WE KNOW HE'S INNOCENT! THAT LEAVES THE BALL-BEARINGS!

COME ON, MORT, MAYBE WE CAN GET A LINE ON THE ORIGIN OF THESE PESKY THINGS!

HOW ABOUT TRYING THE GARAGES, WARD? SEEMS TO ME A MECHANIC MIGHT KNOW WHERE THEY CAME FROM!

THE ONLY PLACE I KNOW OF WHERE THOSE BEARINGS MIGHT HAVE COME FROM IS THE STEERING WHEEL OF A CAR, SHERIFF! I'VE GOT SOME INSIDE! I'LL BE GLAD TO COMPARE 'EM FOR YOU!

NEVER MIND, SCOTTY, AND THANKS! LET'S GO, MORT!

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND? WHAT DID YOU THINK OF?

I JUST REMEMBERED THAT FRANK BARRY'S CAR WAS TAMPERED WITH BY SOMEBODY A WHILE BACK! HE REPORTED THAT HIS MACHINE HAD BEEN PARKED ON THE SQUARE ONE NIGHT, WHEN HE STARTED FOR HOME HE NOTICED THAT THE CAR DIDN'T HANDLE RIGHT, AND ABOUT A MILE OUT OF TOWN THE STEERING WHEEL CAME LOOSE!

OBEY THE LAW



WOW! THAT MEANS THE KILLER MAY BE AFTER FRANK BARRY, TOO! GETTING HIS SON WASN'T ALL HE WAS AFTER!

RIGHT--HE TRIED TO KILL BARRY AND HAVE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT--LIKE THE CAR GOT OUT OF HAND! BUT WHEN THAT DIDN'T WORK, HE TRIED TO FRAME HIM ON A MURDER RAP BY USING THE BEARINGS FROM HIS CAR!



FRANK, WE CAME TO TELL YOU THAT YOU MAY BE NEXT ON THE KILLER'S LIST!

SOMEBODY'S OUT TO KILL US ALL AND THAT'S A FACT! FIRST MY BOY, THEN HARVEY FRANCIS, NOW ME! WHY? I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT! I SEE NO REASON FOR IT!

NEITHER DO WE--YET! FRANK, HAVE YOU STILL GOT THAT BROKEN STEERING-WHEEL?



WHO ELSE BESIDES YOU KNEW ABOUT THIS WHEEL BEING TAMPERED WITH?

STUART AND MORRIS, TOO?

WHY, I GUESS EVERY ONE AROUND HERE DID--I TOLD EVERY BODY I SAW!

SURE, THEY KNEW! MORRIS EVEN OFFERED TO HELP ME FIX IT, BUT IT WASN'T WORTH BOTH'ERIN' WITH! HE CAME WALKIN' BY HERE ABOUT NINE YESTER-DAY MORNING!



SO MORRIS MUST HAVE HIDDEN OUT IN THE HILLS INSTEAD OF LEAVIN, LIKE HE TOLD HIS MOM!

AND IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE, PROBABLY MORRIS, IS TRYING TO FRAME THIS KILLING ON FRANK BARRY! WELL, ABOUT ALL WE CAN DO IS GO BACK TO THE OFFICE AND PUT OUT ANOTHER PICKUP ON MORRIS! HE'S THE ANSWER TO A LOT OF OUR QUESTIONS!



THINGS HAVE BEEN HAPPENING, SHERIFF! LEN MORRIS WALKED IN AND GAVE HIMSELF UP, AND REB STUART IS YELLING HIS HEAD OFF! HE SAYS HE THOUGHT OF SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU!

WHAT? WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME KNOW SOONER? NEVER MIND! LET STUART WAIT--GET MORRIS INTO MY OFFICE!



MORRIS, DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME TELLING ME YOU JUST TOOK A LITTLE VACATION FOR A WEEK, AND THEN WHEN YOU MA TOLD YOU WE WERE ASKIN' FOR YOU, YOU CAME RIGHT IN! THAT WON'T WORK! ESPECIALLY WHEN WE KNOW YOU WERE RIGHT AROUND HERE YESTERDAY MORNING!

WHO TOLD YOU THAT? IT'S A BLACK LIE!

NEVER MIND, WE KNOW! MORRIS COOPER FINGERPRINT THIS MAN! NOW I'LL SEE WHAT STUART IS YELLING ABOUT!



I MAY BE SHOOTIN' IN THE DARK, BOYS, BUT STUART JUST TOLD ME SOMETHING! WHEN HE WENT TO BARRY'S HOUSE THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER, BARRY TOLD HIM HE'D BEEN OUT LOOKIN' FOR SOME STRAY STOCK ALSO! HE TOLD US THAT, TOO, WHEN WE CAME BY 15 MINUTES LATER! BUT DO YOU REMEMBER HIS TROUSERS AND SHOES? THERE WASN'T A SPECK OF MUD ON THEM!

SO WHAT? HE COULD HAVE CHANGED AFTER! HE CAME HOME!

SURE! HE HAD TIME FOR THAT! I DON'T GET YOU, SHERIFF!



YOU WILL! I'M SUSPICIOUS, BECAUSE THERE ISN'T A FARMER I KNOW OF WHO WILL CHANGE HIS CLOTHES THAT CLOSE TO BED-TIME! MAYBE WE WERE IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY TO CALL THIS A FRAME! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT AND THAT'S TO GET HIS PRINTS WITHOUT HIS KNOWING IT! IF THEY MATCH THOSE ON THE WINDOW--HE'S OUR MAN--NOW THAT OUR CHECKING HAS RULED OUT STUART AND MORRIS!

LET'S GO SEE BARRY NOW ON SOME EXCUSE! WE COULD SAY WE FOUND A GUN THAT LOOKED LIKE HIS--AND GET HIS FINGERPRINTS ON THE BARREL SOMEHOW!



NO, THAT AIN'T MY GUN, SHERIFF! MINE'S INSIDE, BUT THANKS, ANYHOW! ANYTHING NEW IN THE CASE?

NOPE, NOT A THING, FRANK! WHEN WE PICKED UP THIS GUN AND I REMEMBERED IT LOOKED LIKE THE ONE YOU SHOWED ME YESTERDAY, SO THAT I THOUGHT HE'D STOLEN IT FROM YOU! GUESS IT'S SOMEONE ELSE'S THOUGH!

OBEY THE LAW



THEY MATCH, SHERIFF!
THEY'RE IDENTICAL!
THE RIDGES ARE
THE SAME!
BARRY'S THE
KILLER—
I'LL STAKE
MY LIFE
ON IT!

IT SEEMS
'IMPOSSIBLE
TO BELIEVE
THAT A MAN
WOULD KILL HIS
OWN SON, AND
THEN HIS KIN—BUT
HERE'S THE PROOF
ALL RIGHT! WE'RE
GOING BACK AFTER
HIM!



HAVE YOU GONE
CRAZY, FRANK?
WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF THE
GUN?

YOU MUST THINK
I'M A FOOL—THAT
I DIDN'T KNOW
YOU CAME HERE
WITH THAT GUN
JUST TO GET MY
FINGERPRINTS!
OKAY—NOW YOU'VE
FOUND OUT WHO
KILLED HARVEY—
AND LECK—MY
OWN SON—YES
I KILLED HIM,
TOO—JUST LIKE
I'M GONNA KILL
BOTH OF YOU!



I GOT A BIG LAUGH WATCHIN' YOU
RUN AROUND LOOKIN' FER THAT
SHOTGUN AN' FLASHLIGHT WHEN
THEY WAS UNDER
MY PORCH ALL THE
TIME! AND THEN
I HAD YOU THINKIN'
IT WAS STUART AN'
LATER MORRIS!
BUT I KNEW
YOU'D GET BACK
TO ME PRETTY
SOON! AND I
KNEW THAT
WHEN YOU DID,
I'D HAVE TO
KILL YOU!

SEEMS YOU'VE
DONE A LOT OF
KILLIN', FRANK—
FOR NO REASON
THAT I CAN SEE!
THAT'S WHY
IT TOOK US SO
LONG TO GET
YOU! I COULD
NOT THINK OF ANY
REASON FOR A
MAN TO KILL
HIS OWN SON!
TELL US WHY!



WHY NOT? YOU'RE NOT GOIN' TO TELL ANYONE—YOU'LL
BE DEAD—BOTH OF YOU! WHEN MY WIFE DIED SHE
LEFT ALL HER MONEY TO LECK! CAN YOU IMAGINE
THAT? LEAVIN' HER DOUGH TO MY SON WHEN I
MARRIED HER JUST SO'S I COULD
GET IT? I HAD TO KILL HARVEY
TOO 'CAUSE HE KNEW ABOUT
IT! THAT'S WHY HE WENT
'AWAY LAST YEAR—TRYIN'
TO DECIDE WHETHER TO TELL
THE LAW ON ME, OR
NOT! AND 'CAUSE HE
KNEW I'D GET HIM
TOO, IF HE STAYED!
HE SAID HE WOULDN'T
TALK WHEN HE CAME
BACK—BUT I
COULDN'T TRUST
HIM, COULD I?
AND NOW I'VE
GOT TO KILL
YOU BOYS, TOO.
HAVEN'T I?

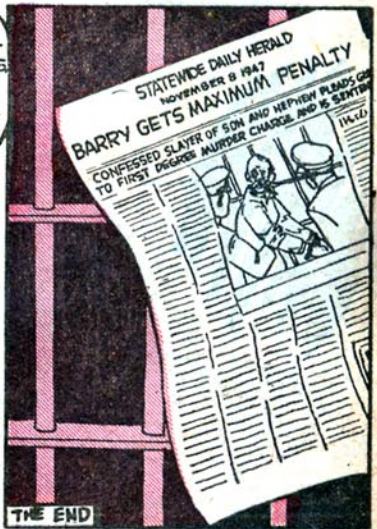


SAY YOUR PRAYERS, BOYS!



GOOD BOY, GOOD BOY!
AM I GLAD I TAUGHT
YOU TO GO FOR ANY-
ONE WHO PULLS
A GUN ON ME! YOU
SAVED OUR LIVES,
NOSEY! I'LL SEE
THAT THE COUNTY
MAKES YOU A
SPECIAL DEPUTY
FOR THIS!

THAT'S A
NASTY WOUND
BARRY HAS, BUT
IT'S NOT SERIOUS.
WARD! HE'LL BE
WELL ENOUGH
TO STAND TRIAL
AND PAY FOR
HIS VICIOUS
CRIMES!



STATEWIDE DAILY HERALD
NOVEMBER 8 1947
BARRY GETS MAXIMUM PENALTY
CONFESSED SLAYER OF SON AND NEPHEW PLANS GO
TO FIRST DEGREE MURDER CHARGE, AND IS SENTEN
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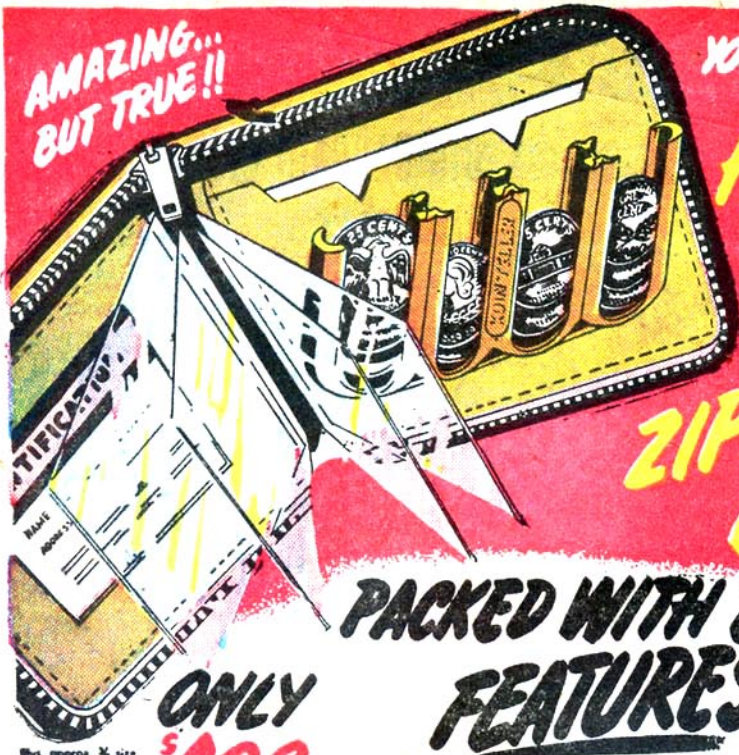
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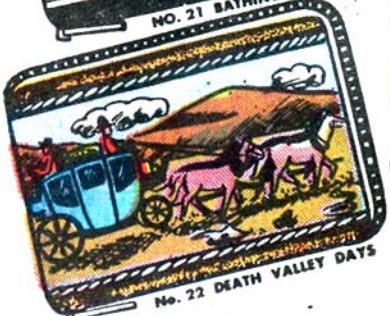
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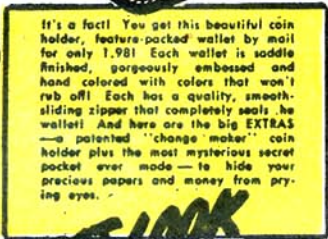


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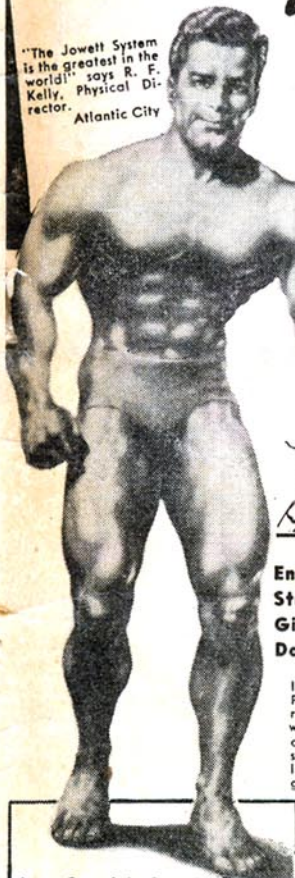
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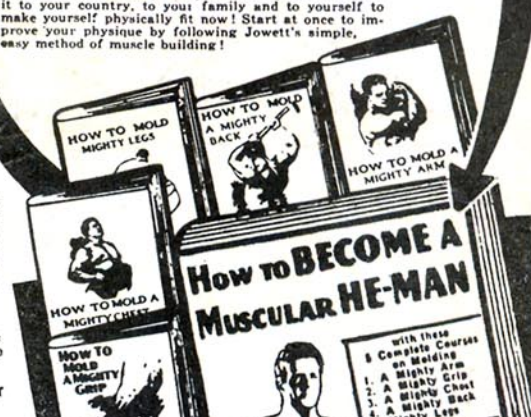
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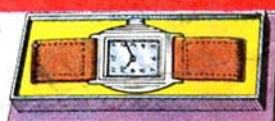
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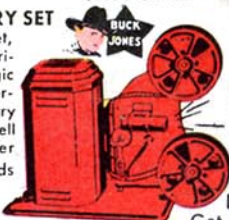
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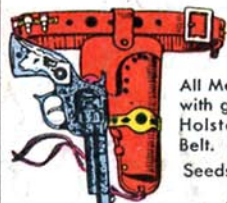
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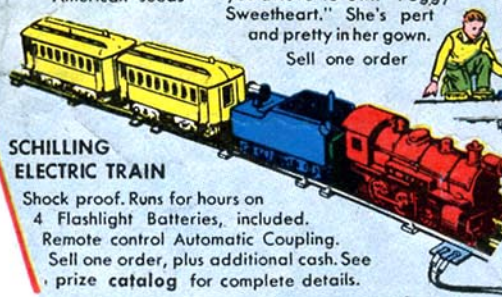
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